Saturday Review of Literature

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Johann Wolfgang von Goethe . . . "glittering in a thousand facets." *(See page 8)*

Farmer Takes a Newspaper

By RUTH MOORE

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And So To Books

The Basic Rules For Book Reviews

By Kenneth Rockwell
The Times Herald Book Editor

What is a book review? Few amateur reviewers seem to know, although they read reviews more than frequently. We meet an intelligent and bookish person and he asks us to let him do a review. What happens? . . . Everything bad.

Rockwell

We send him a novel. He reads it carefully and writes six pages of solid typescript. Five of these are devoted to a detailed account of the plot. After reading the amateur's account of the plot, no one could possibly want to read the book he is discussing.

Next, the would-be reviewer gives his supposed audience a long account of the author's life. With few exceptions, who cares what the author may have done? Readers of reviews are interested in books, not in private lives. The book page is not even remotely related to the movie magazines.

The amateur manages to misspell the author's name, to forget about publishers. Release dates and prices mean nothing to him. He may love unprintable four letter words. His political leanings are questionable. They come out in his writing.

We sit down and try patiently to edit one of these manuscripts when it arrives at our desk. We send the author no more books. He has violated every rule of the game. We keep on trying, however, for the next amateur that comes along may be an excellent reviewer.

Rules of the Game

The Daily Times Herald has definite ideas as to what constitutes a review. Those rules have been followed from the first publication of "Book News."

First. A book review should be written by the most competent critic in the field. Often our reviewers know more about the subject under discussion than the author of the book.

Second. Reviews must be brief. The purpose of a review is to give a prospective reader a reasoned judgment on the merits of the work, not to tell him all about it.

Third. A review is not a critique. It is meant for popular consumption, not for scholars. It must be intelligent without being esoteric. It must be readable and informative. It must briefly evaluate the book with which it deals.

Editor's Policy

These are the primary rules which govern the book reviews printed in The Daily Times Herald. They were laid down by editors before our time. They are being followed today.

The Daily Times Herald "Book News" aims at informing and pleasing readers, not writers. Almost anyone can read a book; few people can write one of value. The potential reader wants to know what books are worth reading, which ones he will like. We give him that information in a style and a spirit he can enjoy.

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Dallas' Greatest Newspaper

DALLAS, TEXAS

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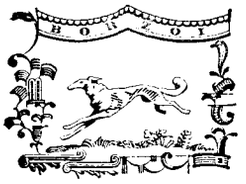
The critics are praising this extraordinary novel of high-comedy and significant satire



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by I. COMPTON-BURNETT

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—RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN, *Saturday Review of Literature*

". . . in spite of its sardonic wit . . . *Bullivant and the Lambs* is written in a spirit of passionate indignation—indignation at the commonest of human vices: selfishness, hypocrisy, and cruelty."
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7-3

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TRADE Winds

SOME STUDENTS IN the once staid and hallowed halls of Oxford organized a "Miss Zuleika Dobson of 1948" contest that certainly was as wacky as anything dreamed up for "Truth or Consequences." The young lady who won draped herself in a punt on the River Isis, while various students in costumes of the Nineties threw themselves into the muddy waters about her. A Pathé cameraman added immeasurably to the hilarity by falling in after them. Max Beerbohm, informed of the goings on, said something that sounded like "Blah-h-h."... I once sat next to Miss Constance Collier, the distinguished English actress, at a dinner. "I understand you are a publisher," she said. "Have you ever done anything by Mr. Beerbohm?" "Well," I answered, "we have 'Zuleika Dobson' in the Modern Library series." "My dear boy," enthused Miss Collier, "don't you *know?*" "Know what?" I asked. "*I* am Zuleika Dobson!" explained Miss Collier. "Max Beerbohm created her for me when we were engaged to be married. The engagement lasted twelve years." I said, "Is it permitted to ask why the marriage never took place?" "Ah, poor, dear Max," sighed Miss Collier. "He had carpet slippers in his soul!"...

BERTRAND RUSSELL STARTED another fad in London when he declined this irregular verb on a BBC radio program: "I am firm. You are obstinate. He is a pig-headed fool." *The New Statesman* offered prizes for more of the same. Here are a few of the winners:

I breakfast in bed. You are a molly-coddle. He is a hopeless valetudinarian.

I am traditional. You are old-fashioned. He is reactionary.

I like boys. You are an interior decorator. He is in prison.

Some of my best friends are Jews. You are anti-Semitic. He is a bloody Fascist.

I am a creative writer. You have a journalistic flair. He is a prosperous hack.

I have the new look. You have let down your hem. She has had that dress since 1934.

I have about me something of the subtle, haunting perfume of the Orient. You rather overdo it, dear. She stinks.

Would the readers of TRADE WINDS like to try their hands at this sort of thing? . . .

***THE NEW STATESMAN* ALSO** printed a poem by "Sagittarius" recently that attracted wide attention. It is called "Respectability":

When Britain started to sweep the seas
She took the ocean for her demesne,
She planted her prosperous Colonies,
A very respectable Virgin Queen,
And raided the Western Hemisphere
As a very respectable privateer.

When Britain started to take to trade
The world was eager to deal with her,
Britannia's fortune again was made
As a very respectable shopkeeper,
And then she profited even more
As a very respectable creditor.

Britannia in the Imperial role
Increased in splendor and waxed in girth,
Her island sceptre assumed control
Of a large proportion of all the earth,
And through the ages she made her mark
As a very respectable matriarch.

Whenever a cause of war was just
Britannia buckled her breastplate on,
She earned her Allies' respect and trust
As a very respectable Amazon,
And in times of peace achieved success
As a very respectable governess.

Today Britannia, though still as great,
For freedom forfeited all her gain,
And much reduced from the former state
Of her long, pacific and glorious reign,
May have to toil, till the pound's at par,
As a very respectable working char.

Britannia now at the crossroads stands,
Shall she pinch and scrape on a widow's mite,
As a very respectable satellite?
Shall she choose the hard or the easier route
As a very respectable prostitute?...

NANETTE KUTNER'S FINE PIECE on Ross Lockridge, Jr., in the June 12 *SRL* gave the clearest picture I ever have seen of the stresses and strains that beset a retiring and introspective writer when his book unexpectedly hits the bull's-eye and makes him a target for celebrity hounds. . . . In Baynard Kendrick's wild and woolly "The Flames of Time" (Scribner and the Literary Guild) there is one intriguing character who conceals his gun in his whiskers. When the going gets hot, he can shoot from ambush, not only taking his adversary by surprise, but setting fire to his whiskers at the same time. Kendrick's novel is the second this season that deals with intrepid Floridians and Seminoles. Bob Wilder beat him to the draw with "Bright Feather." Both books are selling well, even in California. . . . Dr. Theodor Reik's new book about psychoanalysis is called "Listening with the Third Ear." One customer, who must like to be shocked, asked the publishers, Farrar, Straus, for a copy of "Listening with the Third Rail."... John Aycock reveals a plan to publish a juvenile edition of "Moby Dick." Needless to say, it will be entitled "Moby Dicky." . . .

WHEN *TIME* MAGAZINE blasted "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye" as "one of the nastiest novels ever published in this country," Author Horace McCoy took it in stride, wired his publisher, "Get that Hatfield out of there!" . . . Paul Elder's glittering new bookshop, corner of Sutton and Stockton, is the talk of San Francisco. . . . Charm-girl Catherine Beachley will introduce Charm-boy John Mason Brown to the good citizens of Hagerstown next season. The heart of Maryland will never be the same! Meanwhile, Miss Beachley is beating the drum for Carl Sandburg's forthcoming novel "Remembrance Rock." (To be published by Harcourt October 7 at $5 a copy, with a limited, autographed edition in two volumes, boxed, at $25). . . . Irwin Shaw's first novel, "The Young Lions," is another sure-fire sensation of the fall season. . . . Mark Schorer is the new Pacific Coast editorial consultant of the Viking Press. . . . John Dos Passos's next book, due in November via Houghton Mifflin, has the Washington of New Deal days as a background. . . . At first glance, Lois Pemberton's "The Stork Didn't Bring You" (Hermitage Press) seems to be the book on teen-age sex education for

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"All of a sudden I had this irresistible urge to read one up there."

which millions of mothers and fathers have been praying. . . .

BARTLEY CRUM and Joe Barnes, new owners of the newspaper *PM,* have changed its name to the *New York Star.* S & S's Leon Shimkin has assumed the post of general manager, in addition to his multitudinous other duties. . . . Dodd, Mead has acquired approximately sixty standard backlist titles from the Robert McBride catalogue. . . . Activities and personnel of the Henry Holt trade department have been sharply curtailed. . . . Brentano's is closing its Los Angeles store and relinquishing management of the book department in Gimbel's, New York. . . . Theodore Jaekel is Little, Brown's new Manhattan editorial representative. . . . Edwin Seaver is now promotion director of the Book Find Club. . . . Charles Poore is back on the job in the *Times* book department—which is just about the best news of the week. . . .

ONCE A YEAR THE BOND CLUB of New York perpetrates a parody of the *Wall Street Journal.* The 1948 edition is one of the best of the series, first, because it was edited by top financial humorist John A. Straley, second, because an old-fashioned bull market has the boys in high good humor. There is a picture of an irate senior partner of J. P. Morgan shooing a female in a slantingly-striped dress away from the main door of the banking house, begging, "Stand somewhere else, lady: people keep coming in for haircuts." One headline proclaims, "Truman Returns to Old Ties," another, "Navy Demands Seventy Fleets." It seems an Annapolis grad has discovered sixty-eight new oceans, all menaced by the Kremlin. The Jamaica bureau weighs in with a scoop: The Long Island Railroad will boost its revenue by being funny on purpose. A Chesapeake & Ohio director shows a delighted board the blueprint of a fantastic new rocket train. "Of course it won't work," he admits, "but it will scare hell out of the New York Central." And in Chicago a Mr. Montgomery Ward has married Miss Sears Roebuck. Offspring, it is anticipated, will be of the male order.

BENNETT CERF.

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VANGUARD

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Farmer Takes a Newspaper

RUTH MOORE

FOLKS down around Lisbon, Me., can hardly wait for Thursday to see what the *Enterprise* has to say about them. And all over the country subscribers to this amazing four-page weekly are just as interested. Maybe it's because, as some fellow said to John Gould, editor of the *Enterprise*: "Your items are so local they're universal."

John had always wanted to run a newspaper on this theory. In 1945 he got the opportunity. Charles F. Mann, who had owned and run the *Enterprise* for fifty-six years, died suddenly in the night. Mr. Mann was eighty-seven. He had been down working on the paper the day before; the week's copy was about half set up, but his widow felt too bad to finish it alone. John heard about her trouble. He'd had some newspaper experience, so he came down from the farm to help her get out the paper.

Since he'd been graduated from Bowdoin in 1931 John had worked on the *Brunswick Record,* had written Maine publicity and that well-known best seller, "Farmer Takes a Wife." He also farmed the 100 acres just outside of Lisbon Falls which Goulds in the 1700's had hacked out of wilderness. Farming it would have been a full-time job for most young fellows, but John found he didn't have much to do evenings. Besides, he was sociable.

The *Lisbon Enterprise* interested him a lot, particularly when Mrs. Mann wanted to sell. Down in the dusty offices under the Odd Fellows' Hall, surrounded by old Mr. Mann's collection—his queer library, the bucket of marbles, the painting of General Montcalm, the trunkful of gavels—John got to thinking.

The paper had a subscription list of 268. Mr. Mann had been content just to job along, printing local news as he heard about it and such advertising as came his way. His equipment was an old drum cylinder press with a Joe Cook rig of overhead conveyor belts, patched up and added to year after year. Wonderful in its day, the old press was ready for the junk yard. The shop was littered with such ancient items as dust-bellows, mustang mailers, pin-perforators dating from 1888, and picture cuts designed to be run every fall and entitled, "Time to Change Underwear."

In John's opinion, most home-town papers were pretty stodgy affairs, handling their news "much as it was said of Goldsmith, that he made goldfish talk like whales." Editors, he said, wrote about the commonplace events of the village with a colorless, uninflected, run-of-the-mill language, as if it were a chore to produce the paper. They got people's names in—a fine, fundamental principle—but who cared, except those same people or maybe their relations? What an editor should do was to make the distinction between getting in *names* and getting in *personalities.* Life in a small town was no less than the raw material of most literature; if a paper were edited to reflect it, there ought to be no limit to circulation.

Among other items, John remembered about his friend Jess Goud, the best printer on the Atlantic Coast, to John's way of thinking, if not in the world. Jess knew how to print red successfully—not that this was a requisite on a small-town paper, but any printer will know what it means.

Jess was working down to Brunswick. Being a man who hides his heart of gold under a crust which deceives few, Jess seemed to regard John's proposal with an unenthusiastic eye. He hadn't ever considered spending savings to help buy a small-town newspaper, and, his manner indicated, he wasn't now. So John was surprised when Jess turned up, free of his job and ready to go to work. Together they had enough money, so they bought the paper.

Jess took one look at Mr. Mann's old drum cylinder and dove out of sight into it. Some said he didn't come out for three weeks, but John figures it couldn't have been quite that long. He remembers they didn't miss getting out any issues. And what Jess did to that old machinery was something wonderful.

SHORTLY, along with the usual news that somebody visited up to Lewiston Saturday, *Enterprise* readers began to notice items which were different to say the least.

Under a heading, "Bubble Gum Makes Good Anesthetic," came a story of two little boys who crashed head-on while ice skating:

> Teddy had a cut over the left eyebrow and Calvin over the right, their hair was mussed, and blood coursed down their faces. The cuts necessitated five stitches each. Asked if he'd had a local anesthetic, Teddy replied he really didn't know, he'd been blowing bubble gum while the wound was being stitched.

There were such items as:

> The Harrison Fosters say it was so miserable Sunday they didn't go out and nobody came in.

> Two heavy blankets are warmer than one thin one and cost more.

> Philip Lawrence's dog sat with Jack Wednesday evening. Bucky gets lonely if let alone and disturbs the neighbors.

> In too much of a hurry to get out of town, Victor Morin of Lisbon misjudged the WPA curve on the Gould road last Saturday, and put his car in the ditch with a bump that brought the neighbors running. This is the first mishap at this point since the state belatedly installed a large warning sign, but most people who know the road think the fault for

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"General Store and Post Office," by Doris Lee.

accidents lies with those who made the road, sign or no sign.

Everybody who had any, picked peas and strawberries after the rain and bragged.

Adam died long, long ago.

That last item was one of a number that created considerable interest. John said he figured it would. When somebody would phone in and say, "What the hell, John . . .," he'd say, "I had an idea somebody might call up about that. When I printed it, I was kind of lonesome." Then they'd get to talking, and while John might not get a subscription out of the fellow, he did, quite often, get a nice item for the paper.

What John was doing was running the chatty, homespun, joshing sort of thing that actually goes on in a town. A small town, he says, is the common denominator of every other town, the idea being that most people are neighborly if they stop to think about it.

Lisbon, made up of Lisbon Village, Lisbon Center, and Lisbon Falls, is a pretty fairly representative cross-section of the United States. It's agricultural and industrial country, on the Androscoggin River between Lewiston and Brunswick. Old Yankee stock settled there first; but through the years Slavic people and German weavers came in to work in the cotton and woolen mills, and French Canadians to handle pine and pulp. Now they're all overlaid with what popular fiction writers like to represent as the enigma of the State of Maine. But when Dr. Gallup wants to make a poll, he quite often sends down and surveys Lisbon. He wouldn't really need to poll the rest of the country—could make his prediction on the whole shooting match right there.

From the beginning, the new *Enterprise,* as a few sour souls phrased it, "nosed into" town business. Whenever there was a story about the schools, or the roads, or the stink in the river, John printed it. One year he printed the list of taxpayers paying over $20. Of course the tax list is always available to anyone who wants to go around and look at it, but few do. It's a healthy thing in any town to know what taxes the neighbors pay.

SOME people in town liked the "bombshell" type of reporting; some didn't. John said that of course there were always people in any town who don't like anything.

One man got so mad that he swore he'd never open a copy of the *Enterprise* again. The next week, oddly enough, there was a news item about him—and, for some reason, his name got misspelled. Seems that five minutes after the paper came out, he was on the phone pointing out the error.

A feature of the paper is its "Item of the Week." It is boxed, on the front page:

Since the barn on the Marguerite Pohle place was torn down, the Selectmen have an uninterrupted view of Dr. William Spear's back porch.

Henry Webber found a real grandfather dandelion Sunday. It was larger than a wash tub with leaves twenty-one inches long. It weighed one and three-quarter pounds and had forty-five buds and blossoms.

Jim Farrar and Edna found a turtle making his way across the road. Edna took him home and put him in a tub, to the edification of neighborhood children.

Mrs. Frances Upham has one hen sitting on four eggs and and one sitting on two.

The hens were canaries. It was a disappointment to read in the news columns later:

The hen canary sitting on four eggs at the Upham home fell short in her duties when they hatched because they all died. The hen sitting on two now has five.

Also contributing to the news are neighboring towns—The Kingdom, Sou'west Bend, The Ridge, Methodist Corner, Peppermint Corner. The items are almost as homespun as Lisbon's. The *Enterprise* sells for $1 a year in this circulation area; $2 a year for "foreign" subscriptions.

There's no telling what will turn up in the *Enterprise.* In one issue, John spent several columns on how to give a successful Tiddly Winks party:

Perhaps some folks have never been to a Tiddly Wink party. Upon arriving, you are presented a Tiddle and five Winks, in matching color, and are instructed to Tiddle up the front stairs and down. This is known as a "mixer" stunt and insures that everybody gets acquainted by meeting on the stairs. This can be said with certainty: Nobody who has ever by-passed another person, both Tiddling on the same stairway, is ever afterward likely to forget the incident, and such persons will undoubtedly smile and bow when meeting upon the street with a certain kinship of spirit.

In reporting a hard winter, there is this unusual case of Homer Belcher, "who had the temerity to shovel out his front yard with a steel snowshovel, and became fouled with the high tension line":

The shovel instantly turned white-hot, and sizzled down through the snow to the ground, Homer with it, and it took the whole neighborhood to dig him out.

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Belles-Lettres.

The genius of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe is celebrated in two books reviewed this week. The homage of Mann and Schweitzer, two of Europe's greatest literary figures, is all the more impressive because both have identified their own aspirations and talents with those of their subject. It is curious that, in spite of the large German immigration to America, Goethe and other German writers have had comparatively little influence on our culture. True, ambitious plans are afoot to commemorate the bicentennial of Goethe's birth in this country next year; but the rarity of such a celebration here underscores our remoteness from German literature. Most American critics—and those represented in "Forms of Modern Fiction," which are reviewed on the following page, are cases in point—restrict their attention to writing in the United States, Great Britain, and France.

Thomas Mann's Goethe

THE PERMANENT GOETHE. Edited, selected, and with an introduction by Thomas Mann. New York: The Dial Press. 1948. 655 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by CLAUDE HILL

NOT long ago *The New Yorker* referred to Thomas Mann as "Goethe in Hollywood." The gentle barb did not deter our "greatest living man of letters" from pursuing a path which, in more than one way, links him with the sage of Weimar. Author of five Goethe essays and a biographical novel about Goethe, "The Beloved Returns," he will shortly publish a Goethe-inspired tale, "Dr. Faustus." Now, on the eve of next year's Goethe bicentennial, he offers an excellent anthology, "The Permanent Goethe."

Goethe's two hundredth birthday is certain to reverberate throughout the civilized world. In this country, there will be lectures in colleges, there will be a "popular" ten-volume edition of his works in English, there will be a Goethe seminar in Colorado. However, if the public is to share intelligently in the celebrations, a handy collection of his major works is needed. With the exception of "Faust" and "Werther," Goethe has not been accessible to the general reader. For this reason alone, "The Permanent Goethe" will evoke cheers.

An anthology invariably reflects the personality of its editor. It is fresh testimony to the conscientiousness of Dr. Mann that he does not emphasize the older Goethe, to whom he feels closest affinity and something of a symbolic resemblance, at the expense of Goethe the exuberant youthful genius. This handsome volume contains many of the most beloved poems and ballads of the German poet, three dramas including "Faust I," the immortal love novel "Werther," excerpts from the incomparable autobiography "Poetry and Truth," letters and essays, travel sketches, proverbs, and maxims. In short, here is a great author, glittering in a thousand facets, bewitching through the charm and tranquility of his style, overwhelming through the richness of his personality.

And yet, "The Permanent Goethe" is very much Thomas Mann's Goethe. It is the professional writer and poet who emerges from these pages, not the philosopher and intellectual giant who wrote on the theory of colors, who was a scientific antagonist of Newton, who pioneered in botany and biology, and who anticipated in some respects the psychosomatic approach of modern medicine. Nor do we see anything of the painter Goethe or the theatre manager Goethe or the university chancellor Goethe. Brilliance of expression and excellence of technique have guided Thomas Mann in his selections, rather than universality of interests or modernity of ideas. Mann's Goethe is an excessively gifted and versatile writer, a sensitive artist, a wise observer of men, but he remains a "classic" with little connection with our time, confined to the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. Mann's Goethe is not the whole Goethe, but he is a writer's delight, an esthetic joy, a fountain of grace and charm, a pure genius. No wonder, then, that everything offered in this anthology is "permanent." Which is precisely as it should be.

That not all parts of an anthology of writing translated from a foreign language can be of even literary quality should be obvious. It is lyrical poetry which is apt to suffer most

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

TRANSLATED TITLES

Alison Grey, of Oberlin, O., offers twenty-five well-known book titles as they appear when translated in foreign catalogues. Can you decipher them from their French, Spanish, and Italian versions and match them up with their authors? A score of fifteen is par, eighteen is very good, and twenty-one or better is excellent. Answers on page 10.

1. La flecha negra	( ) W. M. Thackeray
2. Les hauts de hurle-vent	( ) Zane Gray
3. La feria de las vanidades	( ) Henry James
4. Una foglia nella tempesta	( ) Thornton Wilder
5. La nymphe au coeur fidèle	( ) G. K. Chesterton
6. Simples contes de la montagne	( ) J. F. Cooper
7. Gita al faro	( ) James Hilton
8. L'ultimo dei mohicani	( ) Lin Yutang
9. L'uomo che fu Giovedi	( ) Nordhoff & Hall
10. La moisson du hasard	( ) Rudyard Kipling
11. Rien qu'une âme solitaire	( ) Evelyn Waugh
12. Ce que savait Maisie	( ) Emily Brontë
13. Giuda l'oscuro	( ) Oscar Wilde
14. Retour a Brideshead	( ) Scott Fitzgerald
15. El paso del sol poniente	( ) Somerset Maugham
16. Il cielo è il mio destino	( ) Virginia Woolf
17. El misterio de la piedra de luna	( ) Jane Austen
18. Le chiavi del Paradiso	( ) R. L. Stevenson
19. Uragano	( ) John Steinbeck
20. Orgoglio e pregiudizio	( ) Richard Llewellyn
21. Gatsby le magnifique	( ) Ben Ames Williams
22. La luna e sei soldi	( ) Margaret Kennedy
23. Que el cielo la juzgue	( ) A. J. Cronin
24. Una mujer sin importancia	( ) Thomas Hardy
25. La luna è tramontata	( ) Wilkie Collins

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from the transfer from German into English. Although the roster of translators includes names like Longfellow, Carlyle, Walter Scott, and Stephen Spender, the matchless beauty of the German originals has often been lost. The precious "To the Moon" may serve as an example. On the other hand, Spender's new rendering of "Noble Be Man" is as fine a translation as one could hope for. The "Proverbs in Prose" come off best; they convey Goethe's wit, brilliance, common sense, and understanding of people.

The scholarship and authority of the editor is nowhere more sharply revealed than in his superb introduction. This lengthy essay is marked by subtle psychological overtones and the intimate understanding of a fellow writer. It is here that Goethe's unique universality, somewhat muted in the selections, emerges like a shining sun. The scholar who tiptoes around his chosen object in adulation often fails to infect the layman with his reverence. As a creative writer, Thomas Mann approaches Goethe as a knowing fellow artist, humanizing him without slighting his genius.

Readers of Mann's anthology will be charmed by unsurpassed poems and ballads; will cry and suffer with Werther; and will find a mirror for their aspirations in Faust's fate. They will be introduced to human greatness such as it has been realized only once in the history of the Western World—in the phenomenon Goethe. Thomas Mann, linked with the German genius through the same language and culture and blessed with the position of his successor in our time, was the legitimate person to edit "The Permanent Goethe." He has done it, remembering his master's word:

> In the face of the great superiority of another person there is no means of safety but love.

Claude Hill is assistant professor of German literature at Rutgers University.

Progress

By Bianca Bradbury

SILENTLY, without remark,
The termite works from dark to dark.
Silently, from dawn to dawn
The ant unnoticed labors on,
The sightless earthworm in its burrow
Eats another tiny furrow.
Beneath the walls of Nineveh,
Troy and Babylon and Ur,
The ant and earthworm went to work.
Beneath the ramparts of New York,
Moscow, London, Prague and Rome,
The termite makes itself at home.

. . . *And Schweitzer's*

GOETHE. Two Addresses by Albert Schweitzer. Boston: The Beacon Press. 1948. 75 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by SIEGFRIED KRACAUER

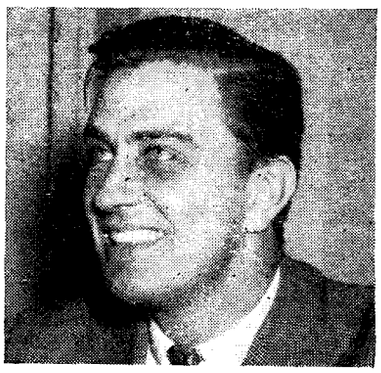
HERE are two addresses Schweitzer delivered in 1928 and 1932. Both of them are not so much portraits of Goethe as self-portraits—touching testimonials of Schweitzer's naive identification with the man whom he considers his master and mentor. He overlooks in Goethe what is alien to him; and he adopts from Goethe what he already possesses. Thus a Goethe arises who is more humane and less self-centered than he was in real life. And yet this portrait is not merely a projection. Out of an innate affinity with Goethe, Schweitzer recognizes, and admiringly renders, his profound sincerity, his unique faith in the emanations of nature within and without him, his ingenious way of combining intellectual and practical work, and his untiring eagerness to participate in the life of his time.

This is Goethe indeed. Since it is also a self-portrait, certain traits Schweitzer emphasizes indicate his own preoccupations. He dwells in particular on Goethe's aversion to revolutionaries, explaining it from his dread of "mob rule." Though Goethe, he says, could not foresee the rise of the masses, yet he anticipated its fatal consequences for the individual in quest of self-realization. In Schweitzer's opinion, modern mass society with its stress on organization is a monster which engulfs the individual under the pretense of redeeming him from want. The moral is obvious: instead of relying on organizational achievements, we should cultivate personal values after the example of Goethe.

Schweitzer tackles two problems relevant to our present situation. The vogue psychiatry is now enjoying in this country misleads many people into overestimating the range of psychological concepts. They trace wars to an accumulation of aggressive impulses; they deal with group beliefs and social causes in terms of emotional adjustment or maladjustment, etc. All this is not wrong, but it is not true either; for besides being motivated by psychological factors, any belief or cause has a significance which is independent of such motivations.

And there is Schweitzer's glowing belief in the irreplaceable value of personality—a belief which by implication defies all totalitarian tendencies. But even though he champions what we fight for at this very moment, his exhortations sound somewhat hollow. He oversimplifies matters; he fails to realize that we are not in a position to choose. The masses exist, and, whether we want it or not, we must try to reconcile the necessity of mass organization with the need for individual freedom. In going, himself, to Africa, Schweitzer is not so different from Gauguin; the heroism with which he acts out his personality also includes a grain of escapism.

And yet Schweitzer touches upon something important when he implores us to follow Goethe. Much as we fight for individual freedom, we entertain, it seems, poorly developed notions of what the individual should be like. The present intensity of our ideological fight contrasts strangely with the vagueness of our ideas about personal life. Here Schweitzer's Goethe image assumes a positive function. It makes us aware of the dangerous abstractions of our aspirations.



My Current Reading

After wartime service in the Navy, **Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.,** has joined the New York law firm of Poletti, Diamond, Freidin, & Mackay. His current reading reflects interest in the American past and public life during the war.

A STUDY OF HISTORY, *by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford)*
JEFFERSON THE VIRGINIAN, *by Dumas Malone (Little, Brown)*
GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT, *by Laura Z. Hobson (Simon & Schuster)*
MR. ROBERTS, *by Thomas Heggen (Houghton Mifflin)*
MEMOIRS OF CORDELL HULL, *by Cordell Hull (Macmillan)*
THE MAKING OF AN INSURGENT, *by Fiorello H. LaGuardia (Lippincott)*
INSIDE U. S. A., *by John Gunther (Harper)*
THE GATHERING STORM, *by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin)*
ON ACTIVE SERVICE, *by Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy (Harper)*
THE GOEBBELS DIARY, *by Paul Joseph Goebbels (Doubleday)*

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Compulsive Concern with Technique

FORMS OF MODERN FICTION. Essays Collected in Honor of Joseph Warren Beach. Edited by William Van O'Connor. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 1948. 305 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

THE development of modern literary criticism in the United States can be summarized under three headings: (1) The early Freudian and psychological criticism of the 1920's, represented by a book like Ludwig Lewisohn's "Expression in America." (2) The social and political criticism of the 1930's, represented by Vernon Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought." (3) The "pure" literary criticism of the present time, mainly centered around technical aspects of the novel, and represented by such critics as Joseph Warren Beach, to whom Mr. O'Connor's collection of critical essays is dedicated.

None of these trends is as pure or precise as I have indicated, however, and even within a restricted area of technique and form, the present volume shows a variety of interests and values. Mark Schorer, in one of the most extreme essays, tells us that it is foolish to read a novel as though its context had some value in itself: when we speak of technique "we speak of nearly everything." Allen Tate, usually considered as one of the most obdurate critical minds, has a very sensitive analysis of "Madame Bovary" and, incidentally, completely reverses Schorer on the merits of "Moll Flanders."

On the study of "manners" as part of a novelist's technique, Lionel Trilling has another discriminating essay, although he shows a remarkable obtuseness to the specific forms of the American novel as compared with standard English or French works. (The whole body of distinctive American fiction that was produced from 1920 to 1940 receives very little attention here.) William Troy has a study of Scott Fitzgerald, however, while Eric Bentley writes about Robert Penn Warren, and, among the other critical names included in the volume, there are interesting articles by such critics as David Daiches, Ray West, Frederick Hoffman, and Charles Child Walcutt. C. H. Rickward, an English theorist or metaphysician, provides a weird and intoxicating sort of proscript to the collection.

What is there of permanent value or of general usefulness in the technical approach to literature? That is the question raised by "Forms of Modern Fiction," of course, and the best critical essays in the volume actually combine the three literary methods which I have mentioned. Robert Penn Warren's study of William Faulkner, for instance, while it ignores the emotional undertones of Faulkner's work and creates the image of an altogether sweet and rational artist, certainly includes both social and psychological forces. Joseph Warren Beach's appraisal of Henry James is also solid and realistic, and I think Beach himself could hardly agree with some of the extremes to which his own research in this field has been carried.

There is no doubt that the modern novel has been marked by great technical innovation; what we have seen, indeed, almost marks the end of the novel. Modern criticism has done much valuable work in this field, too. But there is still a difference between the study of technique and the study of a literary work. Moreover, one must be aware of the sort of vanity that comes from studying a "work of art," as against a mere human being, the artist, or even, God forbid, society.

"Forms of Modern Fiction" is a valuable and interesting collection of essays, but it also points to the limits of the tradition which it represents. The major figures in literary criticism have always taken a double or a triple view of their material. An extraordinary and almost compulsive concern with technique alone is itself a sign of the times; it is probably the last refuge of the contemporary artist but it should not be the only concern of the critic.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Stevenson: "The Black Arrow." 2. Brontë: "Wuthering Heights." 3. Thackeray: "Vanity Fair." 4. Yutang: "A Leaf in the Storm." 5. Kennedy: "The Constant Nymph." 6. Kipling: "Plain Tales from the Hills." 7. Woolf: "To the Lighthouse." 8. Cooper: "The Last of the Mohicans." 9. Chesterton: "The Man Who Was Thursday." 10. Hilton: "Random Harvest." 11. Llewellyn: "None But the Lonely Heart." 12. James: "What Maisie Knew." 13. Hardy: "Jude the Obscure." 14. Waugh: "Brideshead Revisited." 15. Gray: "Sunset Pass." 16. Wilder: "Heaven's My Destination." 17. Collins: "The Moonstone." 18. Cronin: "The Keys of the Kingdom." 19. Nordhoff & Hall: "Hurricane." 20. Austen: "Pride and Prejudice." 21. Fitzgerald: "The Great Gatsby." 22. Maugham: "The Moon and Sixpence." 23. Williams: "Leave Her to Heaven." 24. Wilde: "A Woman of No Importance." 25. Steinbeck: "The Moon Is Down."

Publisher's Gallery

—Drawn from life by Norkin.

IX: Joseph A. Brandt

WHEN Joseph August Brandt came out of the West in 1945 to preside over Henry Holt & Co., his 6'-1½" bulk, pink head, and considerable charm were not unfamiliar to the publishing world. He was known as the man who had headed three university presses: Chicago, 1944-45; Princeton, 1938-41 (becoming prexy of the U. of Oklahoma, 1941-44), and Oklahoma, which he had launched in 1928 and left, full-grown, in 1938. He was known, too, as the first university press director to come up with a Book-of-the-Month Club blessed event. In campus publishing he experienced "a different set of values . . . more freedom to take on important books not destined for commercial success." Now, if he publishes "two books a year that will influence society," he can satisfy his conscience while bringing out "mere money makers."

"Joe" Brandt has had printer's ink in his veins since he edited Tulsa High's *Tom Tom*. He reported during vacations from Okla. U. school of journalism (A.B. '21), wound up as city editor of the *Tulsa Tribune*, 1925-28. "No one who started as a newspaperman ever quite gets away from it," he mourns. "I" bobs up seldom in his conversation—the record discloses he was Phi Beta Kappa, Rhodes scholar (his German-born mother "had a passion for learning"), is board chairman, Nonfiction Book Club; honorary chief, Comanche Indian Nation; president, American Institute of Graphic Arts—, but he speaks frequently of "Sally"—once Tulsa star newswoman—and their three children.

Happily tending his Rockland County (N. Y.) rose garden, he mulls over the "frightening" Presidential prospects. He's a Democrat (emphatically), but "of course everyone wants Eisenhower." He puns chronically. There are no longer any Holts in the 82-yr.-old film—"they've lost holt." —E. P. H.

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Personal History.

Ever since B. F. Bache, Philadelphia editor and grandson of Benjamin Franklin, printed forged letters to bespatter the integrity of George Washington, times of political stress have seen the publication of scurrilous attacks on our Chief Executives. In most there has been a modicum of truth, compounded with large amounts of distortion, innuendo, and downright falsehood. In our own generation a number of volumes was published about Warren G. Harding, of which Gaston B. Means's "Strange Death of President Harding" is the best-known. Later came "The Strange Case of Mr. Hoover Under Two Flags," written by one John Hamill. Eugene Lyons undertakes to remove some of the mud daubed on Hoover by Hamill and even more "respectable" critics in "Our Unknown Ex-President," reviewed below.

Chief Executive Sketched in White

OUR UNKNOWN EX-PRESIDENT: A Portrait of Herbert Hoover. By Eugene Lyons. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 340 *pp.* $2.95.

Reviewed by BERT ANDREWS

THE first point that Eugene Lyons makes in the title of his book—a point which he emphasizes in the text—is that he is presenting a "portrait" and not a "biography" of Herbert Hoover. It is an accurate and disarming description of Mr. Lyons's intentions. But the result is a portrait so one-dimensional that the average viewer will perceive that the Lyons school of painting calls for the artist to don rose-colored glasses and then dip his brush in whitewash thick enough to plaster over all moles and blemishes, if any. It is a portrait so excessively and extravagantly adulatory as to be cloying; a "clear-Hoover" effort that might well, indeed, be as disconcertingly embarrassing to the ex-President as any of the daubs produced by the mud-slinging "smear-Hoover" men.

Certainly all objective observers of the recent American political scene will agree with Mr. Lyons, as this reviewer does, that Herbert Hoover was a much-maligned Chief Executive, that the late Charlie Michelson and other assailants often hit below the belt when they turned the Democratic Party's publicity mills loose on Mr. Hoover, and that, as Mr. Lyons puts it, "Time is rapidly washing off the mud with which he has been spattered."

But the same observers, with the same objectivity, will have to do some head-shaking about Mr. Lyons's portrait and say, "Nobody could be that good. If he were he wouldn't be human."

To Mr. Lyons's credit, it should be said that he makes his present partisanship and purpose clear from the outset. He acknowledges that he himself joined "the pack howling at Hoover's heels" back in 1936. The passage of years has made him repent. The years, too, have made him aware that youngsters who grew up in the New Deal era have unquestioningly accepted the early portraits of Hoover which were painted in unrelieved black by the Michelson men and others. And his aim is to re-inform these young Americans and "those of their elders who innocently, casually, repeat about Hoover the products of malice though there is no malice in their own hearts."

So Mr. Lyons explores Hoover's early life and his careers in business, social work, and politics, to these ends:

To emphasize the preparation, skill, and intellectual honesty that won him fame as one of the world's great mining engineers.

To heap justified praise on him for his never-to-be-forgotten direction of relief work abroad during World War II.

To show that Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, made the Department of Commerce an agency that really helped business.

To demonstrate that the term "Hoover depression" was a myth and bitterly unfair.

To argue that Franklin D. Roosevelt and not Mr. Hoover was responsible for the bank panic of 1933.

On all these points and on many others Mr. Lyons pours it on, even to the extent of a full chapter, replete with Hoover anecdotes and remarks, to refute the calumny that Mr. Hoover doesn't possess a sense of humor.

He really pours it on too thick. About the only adverse things he says about the ex-President, in fact, are that he was "without much talent as a politician" and that "his failure has been in the area of public relations." All else is pro-Hoover. And near the end Mr. Lyons says:

"It is possible, and even likely, that here and there in these pages I have been betrayed by ardor into overstatement."

That is the masterpiece of understatement of the publishing year.

Bert Andrews won the 1947 *Pulitzer Prize for Journalism, is chief of the Washington bureau for the* New York Herald Tribune *and author of "Washington Witch Hunt," just published.*

"I'd like to take a bath *once* without having to move the U. S. Navy."

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Soured on the Soviet

I'LL NEVER GO BACK. By Mikhail Koriakov. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 248 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HAL LEHRMAN

THOSE of us who tried to get along with the Russians when we met and had to work with them in Germany, Austria, and eastern Europe used to resent their sullen aloofness, the way they made it impossible by their uncordiality to like or even know them. It emerges from this confession of a Red Army officer that the Russians resented it too.

At the Soviet Embassy in Paris, where Captain Mikhail Koriakov checked in after the Americans rescued him from German captivity, life was very much like life in the Soviet Union—hence very much like jail. The only free man was one Panchenko, officially a third attaché but actually the Party delegate, and "everyone, including the ambassador, was afraid of him." Himself immune from capitalistic contamination, Panchenko required his colleagues to retain their proletariat purity by shunning all non-Russians. Marusia Petrova, star typist, wept when Moscow sent her a "For Exceptional Diligence" medal. She didn't want it, she sobbed; she just wanted to go home where she would be allowed to talk to people again and maybe find a husband. When his wife presented him with a son, First Secretary Feodor Vidiasov was not allowed to hire a French nurse or even obtain a visa for his old mother to come out of Russia and take care of the baby. The Embassy staff's children, some thirty of them, were forbidden to go the few blocks to playgrounds where they might have romped with French kids; instead, they were reduced for amusement to unscrewing the caps off all the electric switches in the Embassy. They and their elders "lived like caged animals . . . in a suffocating atmosphere of confinement, spying, eavesdropping, and continuous suspicion."

Captain Koriakov escaped from the cage by eluding an NKVD agent sent to "accompany" him back to Moscow, and fleeing to America. His story is marred by a curiously excessive piety, never quite explained in one who had received no religious instruction in the atheistic Bolshevik society of his childhood and had come upon his faith only through the shock of war. When the Nazis capture him, he is so busy praying that he apparently gives no thought to getting away although the Germans are hard at work exterminating all their Russian prisoners before arrival of the Americans. He seems persuaded that special Divine attention was applied to extricating him from various perils to preserve him for his appointed mission of exposing to the world the abominations of Soviet totalitarianism.

This naivete apart, "I'll Never Go Back" is a sincere, readable, and at times valuable testimony of disillusionment with the Soviets by a man who, as a product of the Kremlin spiritual assembly-line, should by all counts have been developed into one of the system's ardent boosters. Son of obscure Siberian peasants, Koriakov is given sufficient education to become a newspaperman and museum curator. In the war, he shows his loyalty by winning a decoration for courage. But the rift opens when, as a military correspondent, his honest gropings toward religious awareness pitch him head-on into collision with Party doctrine. He discovers that the regime's early wartime tolerance for the Church and for resurgent Russian patriotism was only a maneuver to wheedle the Russian people into offering their lives in battle. With the victory in sight, religion and Mother Russia are going out and Father Stalin and the Party are coming back in. The manuscript of a book about a symbolic belfry which has withstood enemy bombardment is curtly returned by a "guiding comrade" of the Union of Writers with instructions that Koriakov delete all traces of a "pacifistic, or perhaps religious, turn of mind . . . in the interests of his future literary career." His innocent suggestion that a requiem be held for the Patriarch of Moscow transfers him to a penal battalion.

With eyes now wide open, Koriakov is henceforth alert to proof after proof of the Soviet way's moral bankruptcy. He finds that the liberating Polish "Army" is composed largely of Russians. His own efforts to join the Polish Corps are rejected because of his suspicious religious dossier. After his capture he learns that, of all the Allied PW's, only the Russians failed to get packages from home, on the Soviet theory that good soldiers die rather than surrender. He encounters a Stalinist ex-commissar wearing SS uniform and Nazi eagles—a living embodiment of the totalitarian kinship between the automatons of the two dictatorships. It is vignettes such as these, together with inside revelations about Soviet secret police operations against Russians on French territory during the brief Stalin-de Gaulle honeymoon, which make Koriakov's report worth reading and give it a certain minor distinction.

"Russia's Europe" by Hal Lehrman is based on his experience as foreign correspondent there. Previously, he was The Nation's *correspondent in Eastern Europe.*

The Aviator

By Oliver Hale

GREATER than mountains, over us
he hangs highest like an ultimate fate
and rides wonderful destinies,
his will directed and his purpose set.

These speed in him like wind, as run
time and the earth past all his wings, which try
forever conquest of the sun,
and are forever dragged down from the sky.

Immensity has set him now
against the lidded world, for he has stood
with eagles, vaulted the sheer prow
of silence, and been sealed in solitude.

Through him the tides of real and seem
break without wreckage; over his tall wall
climbs steadily a helmeted dream,
with eyes fixed on heights that only stars scale.

That way his steps are pitched, to win
quiet for his touched madness, till he brings
in his own hands a trophied sun,
or, storm-bent, trailing glory of spilled winds.

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Fiction.

One of the subjects that should be thoroughly explored in the novel is the reason for the early weakening or destruction of so many marriages today. Three of the five novels reviewed this week enter this investigation on a higher level than the usual cocktail-and-infidelity route to divorce. The heroine of Ellin Berlin's "Lace Curtain" discovers that a convent education and a wealthy Irish-Catholic father lead to trouble when she marries into a prominent Protestant family. In his first and mature book, Constantine Fitz Gibbon, an English writer, reveals the anguish of an Oxford don ill-equipped to endure his son's love for his young stepmother. Taylor Caldwell's "Melissa" is about a narrow-minded and emotional girl wedded to an older and more sophisticated publisher. Its setting is the nineteenth century, but it illustrates the dangers of a marriage of opposite temperaments at any time. Human nature remains constant, but its conflicts are today sharper and more dangerous to society.

Triangle with a Past, Present & Future

THE ARABIAN BIRD. By Constantine Fitz Gibbon. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 249 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

NOW AND then the domestic triangle theme receives a thorough going over by a novelist with something fresh and pertinent to say on the subject. Constantine Fitz Gibbon proves without a doubt that wonders can be done with the most threadbare plots and stock situations in fiction, providing the writing is of a high enough order. In the case of Mr. Fitz Gibbon, his first novel "The Arabian Bird" not only makes the most of the triangular dilemma of the husband, wife, and interloper on the domestic scene, but introduces us to a writing talent of uncommon brilliance and perceptiveness.

Mr. Fitz Gibbon is a young writer who thinks; and, what's more, he prefers, to our extreme delectation, to write about people who also think without becoming unnecessarily morbid or adolescent about it. The result is that we have here for the first time, in many months of reading indifferent novels, a mature tale which attempts to examine the complex relationships of men and women without trying to oversimplify their mental processes. Mr. Fitz Gibbon would apparently agree that man is a "thinking reed," a tender, complex, vulnerable mortal tossed on the winds of time. And for this reason, if man is to be depicted against the age in which he lives, he must be seen from three angles, or, as in the instance of Charles Monroe, his wife, Louise, and his son, Oliver, presented as a product of the past, the present, and the uncertain future.

Although "The Arabian Bird" may be read as a surface drama of three people, Charles Monroe, his young wife, Louise Oliver, and his son from a former marriage, in love with his stepmother, it is hardly fair to the author to recommend the book on this level, successful as it is even on this score. Indeed, it would be gross oversight on the part of the reviewer not to commend Mr. Fitz Gibbon's novel for its remarkable feeling for time and place, as well as for its sensitive mood. Its adroit flashbacks cover so much space that we not only get a three-dimensional view of the characters but are convinced that time is a wayward heroine and is, perhaps, the real protagonist of the story.

Ellin Berlin "brings thirty years of gay and expensive existence into sharp focus."

Perhaps more with Charles Monroe than with the others are we made to feel, with an almost Proustian intensity, the past devouring the present. He is the nervous, introspective Oxford don; he is also, on looking at a jar of mint humbugs in his London mews flat during an air-raid in 1944, a little boy again hearing news of his father's death; or standing in Paddington station he is once more the tortured young husband deserted by his first wife. An object, a face, a London street, become associations with buried guilts, lead to tortuous channels of confusion. It is therefore no surprise that Charles should emerge as the most sympathetic character in the book. We are able to appreciate the source of his despair and general helplessness, for in Charles Monroe the author has drawn a recognizable symbol of the inherently decent, well meaning individual in the world today.

Mixed Marriage

LACE CURTAIN. By Ellin Berlin. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 375 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

MRS. BERLIN's second novel is a sympathetic and provocative study of one woman's search for emotional maturity. Veronica Reardon, seventh of the eight attractive Reardon children, grew up with her sisters and brothers at "Pride's Tower," their Long Island country place. Her father made a fortune and lived handsomely, a leader in New York's Irish Catholic circles. Devout, cultivated, loving their family and their home, the Reardons brought up their children in luxury and security. For little Veronica, being part of a pattern was infintely reassuring. She watched with fascination but not envy her sister's parties and beaux, knowing that in good time she would repeat the same departure for the convent boarding school, the same promotion to dinner downstairs, the progression from sandbox to croquet and finally to tennis parties.

Although her friendship with Lucy Verity took her, once in a while, into a world where she felt an outsider and unwelcome, although she sometimes overheard remarks which puzzled or troubled her, Veronica grew up secure, protected, and happy, "Pride's Tower" the center of her universe. But when, against her parent's wishes, indeed against the young man's own better judgment, she married young Jamie

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Stair, son of a prominent, conventional New York Protestant family, she was made acutely aware of all the narrow prejudices and deep-seated antagonism of the world of which she had, of her own free will, chosen to become a part.

Deeply in love though they are, Jamie and Veronica cannot surmount all the difficulties, emotional and intellectual, of "mixed marriage," nor the prejudices and snobbery of their families. Their children, whose education as Catholics has been agreed to, only precipitate further conflict. Against her wise mother's advice, Veronica Stair seeks to remain a Reardon of "Pride's Tower," refusing to admit, even to herself, that she has voluntarily assumed new loyalties.

Jamie Stair, after Pearl Harbor, goes into the Navy; the marriage has become virtually impossible. It is only after three years without him, years when she has prayed constantly that by some miracle he may come back alive, that Veronica achieves sufficiently mature wisdom to hope that their life may be possible together.

As she reviews her heroine's life, Mrs. Berlin brings thirty years of gay and expensive existence into sharp focus. Her unfailingly happy and vivid choice of detail—a snatch of popular song, a bridesmaid's hat, a harem veil—recreate year after year for our delighted recognition. She is devastatingly accurate in her quotations, the intolerant cliches which we have all heard: "All the Jews are thus and so"; "All the Irish Catholics are this—or that. Of course I don't mean *you*, dear." Nor does she spare those arrogant snobs who assume that only Irish Catholics are maid servants, and that all Roman Catholic belief is superstition and inexplicable to the—presumably—more enlightened Protestant mind.

While Mrs. Berlin offers no solution to the problems which her story poses, either of prejudice or of mixed marriage, she deftly avoids taking sides. It is the sensitive, tender study of the emotional development of young Veronica, the warmly affectionate reality of the clannish Reardon circle, and above all the infinitely sympathetic communication of the sustaining force of Veronica's religious beliefs which make this novel quite unusual.

Marriages headed for destruction are far from new as fictional themes. Yet this one, with the family happiness which was a contributing factor in its disharmony, lays hold on our emotions and lingers in the memory, chiefly because Ellin Berlin has so successfully projected the special quality of "Pride's Tower" and of the Reardons themselves.

Perfect Hero Amid Gore and Gadzooks

THE FLAMES OF TIME. By Baynard Kendrick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 374 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS novel of Florida in the stormy early-nineteenth-century days of the transfer of control from the Spaniards to the Americans is the current Literary Guild selection, and is cut so closely to pattern that it ought to be a safe choice for large numbers of readers who apparently know what they want in their fiction. It should be sure-fire for Hollywood, too, which is the only place in the world where most of the kinds of people who crowd its pages have ever been found, outside books, that is.

Its author has been writing mystery and adventure stories for years and has a passion for Florida, which he considers "the most interesting state in the Union." This unqualified statement probably means that all the Guild's subscribers in Texas and California will return their copies of his novel for credit without delay.

Mr. Kendrick's setting could hardly be improved upon for color and drama and it is surprising that it has not been more popular in the past. The story and the characters supplied him by history are first-rate, but his own creative talent continues to function along the lines to which he is accustomed, the romantic formula, in which the Perfect Hero is wanted by two women, and in this case, gets both without sin, thanks to the author's generosity.

The story and plot are simple enough. A boy child is born to two travelers who are killed by Indians, and, being adopted by a planter, is named Artillery Armes, probably the first Hero in the history of the novel to be so christened. Brought up under the tutelage of a backwoods nobleman, Dr. Zeke Buckhart, Artillery masters French and Spanish, along with horsemanship and the musket, not to mention morals. Then he makes friends with the Seminoles, learning to toss the tomahawk with the best of them, and finding a dark girl named Dauna, who throws him in a wrestling match, and is sure to turn up again. How not, since she is the Heroine?

Artillery grows up, after many exciting adventures and narrow escapes, to become a part of the American scheme to take over the territory, meeting the Spanish Villain, Don José de Reduro, along the way. Also he finds a good-looking, wealthy American girl named Bethany, and marries her. Bethany and her two children are conveniently removed by death, however, in time to permit Dauna, suspected all along of having mixed blood, to turn up again in time to console Artillery and bear him a son. (She is really a Greek, not a Maroon, so it is all right for the blonde, blue-eyed Hero to marry her.)

—Glidden.

Baynard Kendrick's artistic boiling point is low, but he has a wonderful time.

Among the other characters easily recognizable are the Noble Redman and the Noble Prostitute. There are many fights, all of which Artillery wins, since he never forgets to duck, one of the things that makes him a Hero, and also a number of properly developed more-or-less Naked Ladies, some of them being whipped, which seems to be a current convention of the historical novel. In fact, the supply of both gore and gadzooks seems at times excessive.

What makes the book more readable than this review might indicate up to now is its author's own burning interest in the subject and its inherent value as fictional material. Obviously, his own artistic boiling point is low, or he would not have been satisfied with such a collection of cliches, but he has just as obviously had a wonderful time with his research into a very rich background.

One wonders, upon laying the book aside, how long writers will continue to use foreign languages such as Spanish, as in this case, without even an elementary knowledge of them, or how long reputable publishers will fail to exercise, in this respect, at least a cursory control over the manuscripts that pass through their hands.

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Terrifying Innocence

MELISSA. By Taylor Caldwell, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 390 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SOSKIN

IT is in Anatole France's "Penguin Island," I believe, that a professor of esthetics becomes convinced a painting he views is a genuine work of art according to the expressionist standards of the day. He is told that if he is emotionally moved or stirred to action by a picture, it is a great picture. The painting he views stirs him so that he rips the canvas into small pieces.

The heroine of Taylor Caldwell's new novel is something of a work of art in the same sense, though not in the manner the author may have intended. She is so innocent, so palpitating, so truthful and romantically genuine a creature, so contemptuous of men and their hypocrisies, so devoted to the eternal principles of art and scholarship—that we are sorely tempted throughout most of the book to kick her hard in her sensitive bustle.

Taylor Caldwell realizes full well the limitations and stupidities of her Melissa, daughter of a philosophic writer who has deliberately made a mess of her out of his villainous desire to dominate her and make her subject to his psychologically poisonous whims. But the author never intended that we should become painfully bored and irritated with the beautiful creature; and that miscarriage of Taylor Caldwell's purpose must be attributed to the apparent hurry, the lack of careful organization, the adjectival and prolifically adverbial style in which the novel is written. The author of "Dynasty of Death" and other best sellers seems to be writing too fast and too much. Even those who have regarded her strong, often lusty stories as good examples of intelligent, popular drama will be disturbed at her present work.

This novel of a passionately idealistic and fanatically narrow-minded girl who is married to an urbane, broad-minded publisher in the post-Civil-War period, is written in Taylor Caldwell's deepest purple. On almost any page the heroine palpitates, shivers, trembles, chokes, aches, weeps, denunciates, lies rigid and cold in her hard bed, clenches every muscle, wrings her handkerchief, has to clutch at furniture to keep from falling in a faint, feels her breast rising and falling with anguish and outrage, her body shaking with denial and horror and with fear.

Heroines of the ten-twenty-thirty theatre of the 1880's used to behave in this violent manner. Our Melissa has something more in common with those lurid ladies of the stage: she is sinned against and plotted against in a disgraceful manner. Her father ruined her spirit and destroyed her mind in his scheme to make her his creature. Her sister Phoebe plotted against her and helped to disrupt her marriage. Her husband's sister shamed her, betrayed her, made it appear she was unfaithful to her husband, humiliated her before his rich and fashionable friends.

However, the ample flow of glandular juices that keeps all Taylor Caldwell stories bubbling with narrative health bathes this story generously. Funerals, wills, big parties in big houses, clothes, decoration, kitchens and food, boudoirs and lace, wealth and social high-jinks—all help to divert our minds from brooding over the unfortunate heroine.

Occasionally Taylor Caldwell takes a flyer in philosophic or social criticism to indicate that she is quite well aware of values beyond the melodramatic. Thus when the gentlemanly publisher has finally weaned Melissa away from her fanaticism and her terrifying innocence, he tells her that she must discard any fixed notions about the world, any idea that its values are immutable. An intelligent human being, he tells his Melissa, passes constantly from old worlds to new, and mind, no less than external nature, is always in flux.

This is a large and dynamic theme. It seems a pity that Taylor Caldwell has derived so trifling a novel from it.

—*Elizabeth Timberman.*

Ben Field—"like some latter-day Thoreau."

Natural He-Man

THE LAST FRESHET. By Ben Field. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 280 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN APPEL

RED-HEADED Virge Doggity in the new novel by Ben Field is one of the most natural and convincing he-men I have come across in current American fiction. He towers above the host of paper he-men, the swashbuckling technicolor bravos of the historical novels, the boys with the gats in the gats-guts-and-blood epics, the drinking sophisticates just out of the Army, etc. Virge Doggity is as real as the logs glistening with frost in the woods where we first meet him, real as work, real as the problems he meets and solves in the pages of this narrative. Forty-nine years old, a widower, his two sons killed in the war, their widows on his shoulders, Virge Doggity feels that once he has married off Frances and Ellen he will be free "with nothing to hammer back the past at him." Virge learns that the roots of the past cannot be amputated. The story of his emotional involvement with young Ellen, who would not "sample the village boys," is a tender and passionate variation of the December-May theme.

It all takes place in the town of Martin's Eddy and the nearby woods and farms and every page gleams with the truth of the author's observations. The hills are "colored like apple skins" and among them the loggers fell the trees and, at lunch, talk. "Talk is the wedge which keeps the work from binding, talk is the grease which softens and speeds the day. . . ." There are Virge Doggity, Jim Hink, "fastest chopper in the woods," Slim, who had fought at Okinawa, Ray Wilson, the son-in-law of Fowler Martin, who owned the woods and after whose family the town was named:

> When Ray Wilson's motorcycle was heard charging up the roadway the men scattered among the trees. . . . The wind flared in his face like a blowtorch, he skidded once or twice, and there stole over him, saturating his whole body, the balm danger always brought him; and though he cursed Fowler's brother, Brewster, for not clearing the roads properly, he was grateful that he did not have to look for hazardous activities to challenge his slowly healing body.

We see the men at their work and in their homes. Virge Doggity puffs on his pipe and thinks of Ellen. "This Ellen, tight quail, was the kind who held her scent. Oh, you could see her points in the long run." Jim Hink quits the logging to haul coal; Slim runs from his mother whose "earnest-

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ness gave her a brightness, as if her body had just been lifted out of the glazing stove"; Ray Wilson broods in his gun room of the day when real Americans will take care of the other "kind." The town of Martin's Eddy is portrayed through its people, who slowly divide into two groupings. About the logging boss, Fowler Martin, gather his family, wife, daughter, son-in-law, the smalltown newspaper editor, while about Virge Doggity gather most of the loggers, the old rivermen, Frances, and Ellen.

The emotional life of Virge Doggity blends with the life of the town and the woods as naturally as the different kinds of tobacco blend in a pipe.

This novel has so much that inevitably it causes a bit of thinking as to what it lacks. This reviewer got the notion that the author, like some latter-day Thoreau, went about Martin's Eddy with notebook and pencil, jotting down every detail of scenery and folksay. The result is what was once loosely defined as a regional novel: here are the people of the upper Delaware River valley. The drawing of the people is true enough but truly important fiction reveals not only the face of the people but the face of the times. A few examples will illustrate this: the Joads in Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath," the young Catholics in Sylvester's "Moon Gaffney." There is no tension, no suspense in Ben Field's novel, no dramatic revelation of changing men in an uncertain and changing world.

History. *Contemporary readers find two types of historical writing especially rewarding—that which freshly reinterprets long and crucial eras, and that which details briefer periods through the lives of important men and women. Both types are well exemplified in the books reviewed this week. Max Savelle's "Seeds of Liberty" offers novel explanations for the origin of American culture; C. Delisle Burns's "The First Europe" essays a new analysis of the course of Western civilization following the fall of the Roman Empire. The biographical approach runs through the group of seven books reviewed below by Asher Brynes. Publication of these volumes marks the inauguration of an important new series, "Teach Yourself History," the work of a group of British scholars. Frederic L. Paxson's "Postwar Years: Normalcy 1918-1923" pictures the United States while Woodrow Wilson's idealism was being eclipsed by "Harding's normalcy."*

A Variant in the West

SEEDS OF LIBERTY: The Genesis of the American Mind. By Max Savelle. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 587 pp. $6.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

MAX SAVELLE, professor of history at the University of Washington and a leading authority on the American Colonial period, essays a thesis so extraordinary that had he succeeded his book would have become one of the classic works on our national culture. Although his performance falls considerably short of his aim, he has produced a highly useful and stimulating volume.

Mr. Savelle's *a priori* thesis holds that American culture is distinct from that of England and Europe, "a variant within the broad culture pattern of Western civilization as a whole"; that it is a compound of many Old World elements worked upon by physical and sociological forces in the American environment; that this fusion and modification took place before the Revolution, by which time—to paraphrase Benjamin Franklin—the seeds of our cultural liberty had become universal and ineradicable.

Mr. Savelle's herculean method of proving this thesis is to analyze all the facets of our colonial culture; in order to reach independent judgments, he passes by the evaluations of scholars who have preceded him and seeks out the written words and artistic products in which eighteenth-century expression survives. When he speaks of the colonists' penchant for broad humor, for example, he submits a number of pungent samples; when he says that their taste in art is recorded in portraits, cartoons, and inn signs, he furnishes well selected and well reproduced examples.

The daring of his theme and method prove Mr. Savelle's undoing. Even in Colonial times cultural activity was broad and complex. To give his study form, Mr. Savelle has divided his subject into eleven categories—religion, philosophy, science, literature, architecture, painting, music, patriotism, and political, social, and economic thought. Culture, however, defies Mr. Savelle's attempts to subdivide it. There is a good deal of repetition between, for instance, his chapters on political thought and patriotism.

An adequate analysis of Mr. Savelle's sweeping thesis would require far more space than he has allowed himself even in this large volume.

—*From "Seeds of Liberty."*

"God Helps Those Who Help Themselves"—first American cartoon—from Franklin's *Plain Truth*, 1747.

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"Seeds of Liberty" is studded with striking suggestions that he never fully develops. Typical of these is his observation that originally no religious group regarded tolerance as a virtue, but in America all came to accept it because of the multiplicity of sects, with none large enough to dominate the rest.

Moreover, to reach an independent judgment on a subject as broad as colonial culture, a writer must bring to his task greater erudition than Mr. Savelle brings to "Seeds of Liberty." On such subjects as political and economic thought, in which he is well versed, his appraisals are sure-footed; but specialists in philosophy and religion will be apt to wonder at some of his conclusions in their fields. He has tacitly confessed that it is impossible for any individual to evaluate all culture directly from the sources by having Cyclone Covey of Reed College contribute an encyclopedic and rather bewildering chapter on music.

Probably the greatest weakness of "Seeds of Liberty" lies in Mr. Savelle's thesis itself. Most of the cultural traits we have come to consider typically American were present in the years before the Revolution, as his evidence proves. But he never establishes a case for believing that it was during this period, more than any before or after, that the genesis of the American mind occurred. His examination of the sources obliges him to admit that our literature remained highly imitative of English models and little indigenous American music appeared until well after the Revolution. To make his thesis more tenable in the face of such contradictory evidence he keeps rephrasing and modifying it from one part of the book to another. In one place he declares that the period of his study is from 1650 to 1750; in another "the first half of the eighteenth century"; in still another, from 1740 to 1760. In one place he says that the characteristic American traits were present before the Revolution as seeds or "in embryo"; in another, that they had actually begun to sprout.

Although Mr. Savelle's evidence fails always to substantiate his own thesis, it does lend support to Frederick Jackson Turner's. It shows that two forces were at work in Colonial culture: Old World traditions held the Eastern Seaboard to conservative ways, while conditions prevalent along the Appalachian frontier made the West radical and democratic. Because these forces cut across virtually all the colonies, they accelerated the development of a national culture.

Mr. Savelle has rendered in "Seeds of Liberty" an unintentional but impressive tribute to Benjamin Franklin as the first man truly to merit the name American. Of the 200 colonists he has studied, Franklin is the one who bobs up in every chapter to provide the most articulate expression of typically American traits—pragmatism, utilitarianism, love of freedom and independence, thrift, desire for self-advancement, nativism, racism, expansionism, and nationalism. The idealism and spirituality which have been persistent if not dominant motifs in American life seldom moved Franklin, however. In the writings of the Quaker John Woolman, Mr. Savelle finds the most notable Colonial expression of these qualities.

In "Seeds of Liberty" Mr. Savelle missed the high mark he set for himself. But he has produced a comprehensive survey of our pre-Revolutionary culture that is readable, fresh, and rewarding.

The Great Transition, 400-800 A. D.

THE FIRST EUROPE. By C. Delisle Burns. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1948. 684 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by A. C. KREY

FEW periods of history are more in need of rewriting than this, the period 400-800 A.D., which is treated in the present volume. Traditionally it is regarded as the period of "the fall of the Roman Empire" or at least of the western portion of that Empire and the period in which the foundations of modern Europe were laid. In the popular mind it was the period of the Great Transition.

Previous writers on the period, the author asserts, have failed to describe it correctly for several reasons. One group of historians, "mainly French" but including Gibbon, suffered from "a survival of Renaissance archaism," the lament over the fall of Rome. The other group of historians, "mainly German and English," were obsessed with the theory of the regeneration by "a pure and vigorous race" from the North. Furthermore, "all historians are affected by the climate of opinion of their own time and place. At best they assume that the prejudices of their own day are the only tests of goodness and truth. At worst they reflect the ignorance concerning the majority in their own times from which the academic circle always suffers." The historians, however, are not the only offenders who obscure the true facts of the period from the public knowledge. "It must be confessed that the situation is still worse when metaphysicians try to write history as in the case of Hegel and Marx."

"The First Europe" is a well-written, cogently organized book of nearly 700 pages. The arrangement of the material is somewhat unconventional, the chronological narrative being subordinated to an analytical or topical treatment, *e.g.*, "Decline of Moral Authority," "Laws and Canons," "Monks and Nuns," "Workers and Pilgrims," to cite a few chapter headings. His linguistic equipment enables him to draw freely from Greek as well as Latin sources, historical, legal, and literary, and one of the charms of the book is the copious illustration with well-translated passages from these sources. The story which emerges is the familiar one of the fall of the western empire, the growth of tribal states, the separation of western Europe, first from the East and then from the South, and the spread of Christianity through this region to form the "First Europe." Though the work is liberally sprinkled with well-chosen quotations and at intervals also with flashes of rare insight, there is little evidence that the author made a thorough, systematic examination of sources for even a single generation, let alone the four centuries that he has chosen to survey.

Mr. Burns's implied promise to render moral judgments as well as to record facts is more than faithfully discharged. Convinced in his own mind that the world is now embarked upon another transition as momentous as that of the "First Europe," he sets forth the chief lessons which the earlier transition has to offer in his climactic chapters, "The Imperial Church" and "The Play Emperor." The first of these he characterizes as an "invention" which supplied the moral authority needed to develop civilization. The second he condemns as an unintelligent and unrealistic devotion to tradition which shackled

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the progress of that civilization. His own facts, however, fail to support such conclusions, for he abundantly proves that "the play emperor" was a conscious invention of the late eighth century and that the "imperial church" was really covered by his characterization elsewhere: "medieval institutions were established almost in 'a fit of absence of mind'." Furthermore, the "imperial church," if born during this period, exercised its regenerative influence in the next five hundred years. The author, too, seems to share the widespread belief in the constant operation of a benignly progressive evolution in society. He does not go as far as the two recent college graduates who explained the fact that they were ten or twelve inches taller than their fathers as due to evolution, but his reiteration of the statement that the "First Europe" witnessed the displacement of a slave economy by a rural serf-economy as though that were a permanent advance implies a similar faith. A natural scientist would hardly expect a significant evolutionary change in so short a time as four hundred years and would not be surprised if the trend in so short a span were regressive rather than progressive. Actually the author's own facts reveal a sharp decline in civilization during the first three centuries of his period, an upward trend during the next century, and another dip in the ninth century.

Thus the reviewer is forced reluctantly to the conclusion that the author is even more fully blinded by his own twentieth-century "climate of opinion" than the earlier writers whom he criticized; that the "moral judgments" which color the whole book were already made before he undertook its writing. Whatever its value for the propagation of his own social ideal, its contribution to our knowledge of this period is slight.

A. C. Krey, professor of history at the University of Minnesota, is co-author of "The Founding of Western Civilization," as well as several studies of the Middle Ages.

History, Academic-Fabian-Utilitarian

THE USE OF HISTORY. By A. L. Rowse.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND THE HELLENISTIC EMPIRE. By A. R. Burn.

JOAN OF ARC AND THE RECOVERY OF FRANCE. By Alice Buchan.

MILTON AND THE ENGLISH MIND. By F. E. Hutchinson.

BOLIVAR AND THE INDEPENDENCE OF SPANISH AMERICA. By J. B. Trend.

PUSHKIN AND RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By Janko Lavrin.

WOODROW WILSON AND AMERICAN LIBERALISM. By E. M. Hugh-Jones.

The above series published by The Macmillan Company. Each $2.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

WHAT is the use of history? For one thing it makes good reading, as Mr. Rowse and his collaborators demonstrate. All of these little volumes are eminently readable, and this is true of even the first one written by Mr. Rowse himself as a general introduction to all the rest: there will be about forty titles when the series is completed. Here he is concerned with the handling of history, a subject so forbidding that the technical name for it (historiography) is unknown to most people. Of the many possible approaches to history in distinction to, say, a field like mathematics, he chooses one in particular and makes a cheerfully elaborate defense of it. His point of view is a mixture of academic, Marxist (or rather Fabian), and utilitarian elements.

History, he says, can be as useful as science in helping a man to get a job. One can, to begin with, teach it. Around the teaching profession there are grouped certain cultural occupations, not many in number "but definitely on the increase with the social trends of our time. . . . I remember a Civil Service Commissioner confiding to me how hopeless as an administrator a Cambridge mathematician was apt to be." Mr. Rowse is, of course, from Oxford. However, apart from these pleasantries he sheds a good deal of light on what is going on in the minds of the educated middle classes of England, who have joined the trade unions in forming the present Labor Government.

The emphasis is on England and the European countries with which he feels England must ally herself; most of the books which he recommends for further study are about England, down to the town, county, and village history levels. There are also copious references to Socialist literature and from there on to Russian history, including such raw material as Herzen's memoirs. There is very little mention of America, only four works recommended; and two of these are elementary textbooks and the third a popular biography of Lincoln. Communism is described as an alien orthodoxy. Americanism, mentioned only in connection with Hollywood and Henry Ford, is not called an orthodoxy but the reader is left with hte feeling that it is both alien and barbarous. Why this is so will be realized from one of Mr. Rowse's concluding paragraphs:

> In any English town of any antiquity one moves easily from the Middle Ages in the parish church, elevated high above the little old houses around it, to the present day with its speaking contrast between the public buildings put up by government departments — post offices or employment exchanges — with their excellent standards of design, and the appalling confusion of modern commercial buildings: the multiple concerns, the shops and petrol-filling stations . . . vulgar, garish, uncivilized. How much of contemporary life that reflects!

The other volumes illustrate Mr. Rowse's more sensible idea that the biographical angle is the best approach to history for the common reader; it keeps the fact that history is first about persons, and afterwards about principles, well in the foreground. If only, one cannot help thinking, he could have taken some of his own good advice. For instance, there is Mr. Burn's little book on Alexander, a brilliant performance as thrilling as a novel, and yet solid history with a moral for our time. Alexander the Great conquered most of the world with a nuclear—so to speak—force of less than fifty thousand men; and Mr. Burn finds the reason for the collapse of his Empire in the fact that there were never enough Greeks to go around, after the fighting was over.

> For all Alexander's blandishment of Athens, for all his severity to Thebes, still Athens, Sparta, Aitolia, remained surely. Plenty of the landless and the uprooted were prepared to follow Alexander's fortunes . . . but the chief Greek states still held freedom — at the city level — to be more precious than Empire.

Alice Buchan's book on Joan of Arc and her times is set in a narrower frame, being an expanded biography rather than a biographical introduction to an historical era. St. Joan figures in her narrative as a believable but not very lively heroine. Dr. Hutchinson's little treatise is much more about Milton than about the English mind—and indeed what else could he do with the most impressive individualist ever produced by that tight little island? Milton's doctrine, as well as his poetry, is at a heavy discount in England today; and the revival of his reputation will probably come through a new appraisal of the latter rather than of his polemical writings on theology and politics. We still need a book which investigates the *apparent* paradox that the most orderly and "classical" of English poets was also the most obstreperously self-determined,

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both as to his views and methods of writing, in the entire range of English literature.

The biography of Bolivar, by Professor Trend, falls into the same category as Miss Buchan's life of Joan, but in that kind it is a really superb job. Those who wish to know more about the history of the southern half of this hemisphere ought to begin with this book; it is written very simply, but out of a full mind, and it raises an appetite for further reading. For its specific purpose, as an introduction, it cannot be too highly recommended.

However, with all due respect for the greater difficulty of Professor Lavrin's task in dealing with a poet—that is to say an almost untranslatable author—who wrote in a language that few can read, one must record the first conspicuous failure in this series. The book is an annotated outline of the life and works of Pushkin, but where a maximum of historical background is wanted we are given practically none at all. Instead there are floods of comment about poetical virtues of which the translations quoted show little or no evidence. If Professor Lavrin were a more vigorous writer we might be tempted to give him the benefit of the doubt; but really Pushkin cannot be that dull.

The concluding volume by Mr. Hugh-Jones is notable for the largest proportion of history and the least biographical content; it is actually a survey of American politics from the end of the Civil War down to the death of President Wilson. As such it is the essential complement to Mr. Rowse's introductory book, applying his viewpoint (can it be a coincidence that Mr. Hugh-Jones is another Oxonian?) to the United States on an ample scale of time and incident. His summary will interest Americans, if only as a curious interpretation of their own past.

> The realization that corporate action (*i.e.*, state action) was needed to secure individual freedom was the inevitable consequence of the fundamental defect of nineteenth-century Liberalism, which may be summed up by saying that it succeeded in creating units, but failed to create unity . . . the benefits that flowed from individual freedom were bought at the sacrifice of social unity, call it a family system, in which the individual found an assured place.

Certainly this formula for the corporate state, pre-Constitutional, pre-American Revolutionary, pre-Reformation, pre-Renaissance, in fact straight out of the Middle Ages when America was not even a thought in anybody's mind, might astound anybody living in this continent now.

Five Years After the Armistice

POSTWAR YEARS: NORMALCY 1918-1923. By Frederic L. Paxson. Berkley: University of California Press. 1948. 401 *pp.* $6.50.

Reviewed by HENRY NASH SMITH

WITH "Postwar Years: Normalcy," Frederic L. Paxson brings to an end his study of the decade 1913-1923. Like the first two volumes, which were published some ten years ago, the present work is a straightforward chronological narrative with only an occasional hint of the methodological gadgets that have appeared on the market in recent decades. Professor Paxson takes account of economic and social changes when they become relevant to his narrative, but his attention is usually focused on the working of the Federal Government, the conflict of interests within the framework of political parties, Congress, and the Executive, which yields laws and policies as an outcome of an endless and often illogical process of compromise. From this point of view, the five-year period following the Armistice of 1918 exhibits "democracy in its least effective moment." The constitutional balances of the system were working only too well. The feud between a Democratic President and a Republican Congress during Wilson's second administration, and the schism between Republican stalwarts and insurgents under Harding tended toward what the historian calls "dead center government."

Within the confused pattern, however, a prevailing tendency can be recognized. Then, as now, society was moving toward the right. The enthusiasms and idealisms of the war had given way to the mood of disillusionment and cynicism so perfectly summed up in Harding's slogan, "not nostrums but normalcy." Professor Paxson follows the often-told story with a richness of detail that can hardly fail to enlighten even readers who are familiar with the main outlines. The Versailles Treaty and the Covenant of the League of Nations were rejected by the Senate. The Supreme Court under Chief Justice Taft handed down a series of decisions sharply curtailing the rights of organized labor. The income tax was revised to lessen the burden on large incomes, and the excess profits tax was repealed. Most fundamental of all in Republican policy, in the opinion of Professor Paxson, was the Fordney-McCumber tariff, a measure unsatisfactory to Eastern manufacturing interests because the Farm Bloc succeeded in introducing duties on raw materials like wool, but still highly protective, and thus menacing to world economic recovery.

The sobriety with which Professor Paxson traces the legislative history of these enactments stands in marked contrast to the indignant treatment of the same period by Frederick L. Allen and the Beards. When speaking of political figures Professor Paxson preserves an unvarying parliamentary decorum — no mean feat, the reader will concede, when the people under discussion range from Henry Cabot Lodge to Albert B. Fall, Charles R. Forbes of the Veterans Bureau, and Imperial Wizard Simmons of the Ku Klux Klan. When he approaches Harding's death the historian grows even more circumspect. The President's ill-advised intimacy with the Edward B. McLeans, his speculations in the stock market, the rumors of Gaston B. Means, the deaths and suicides among Harding's associates during the early months of 1923 are reported with almost oppressive discretion.

The assumption underlying the book seems to be, in essence, that the American political system and the men who operate it are presented to the historian as a datum, an opaque phenomenal surface which cannot legitimately be pierced. Facts and events are exactly what they seem to be to direct inspection. They have a structural meaning within the political system but the system itself is an ultimate not subject to criticism in terms of criteria external to it. This working assumption, in combination with vast factual erudition, defines a thoroughly academic approach.

The lesson of these pages for our own day—and it is one worth learning —is summed up in Professor Paxson's measured evaluation of what Hoover called "the tragedy of the life of Warren Harding":

> It was the misfortune of Harding to preside over a period of letdown and fatigue, and to have won his place in a campaign in which necessary party strategy was to avoid giving displeasure to any of the voting groups which, for whatever reason, would welcome the defeat of the party of Woodrow Wilson.

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The Public Library Looks Ahead

THE free public library is almost as vital a part of our educational system as the schoolhouse. Like all democratic institutions, it must move with the times, finding advanced methods to transmit the old knowledge and new information needed by citizens of a country which is leading the world toward a dismayingly uncertain future. The modern city library, if it has the luck to be generously supported by its community, bears little resemblance to the book mausoleums of the past. It is run by men and women who have made a science of their profession and who are awake to their responsibilities; it is becoming a center for the communication of ideas, not only through books, magazines, and newsprint, but through the microfilm, phonograph records, and—most recently of all—motion pictures equipped with sound. And now, to the normal functions of librarians, diplomacy has been added as a necessity in a politically combative world—that they may pacify indignant pressure groups who object to the dissemination of ideas with which they do not agree.

Six thousand librarians and educators recently met at Atlantic City for the annual convention of the American Library Association. If anyone supposes that these men and women in any way resemble that stock character in fiction, the aenemic and absent-minded librarian, the proceedings of their week-long sessions should awaken him to reality. The subject that dominated the convention was the growing threat of censorship. Interference with the dissemination of knowledge by individuals or by groups, ponderous attacks on freedom of speech and of education by religious, political, and governmental organizations, raids on bookstores, pressure exerted on schools in their selection of textbooks—all must be resisted by librarians, even if it means losing their jobs. Dr. Luther Evans, head of the Library of Congress, in a fiery speech, denounced the tendency to place information, formerly free to everyone, in secret and restricted categories. The conference agreed to defend any librarian from the martyrdom inflicted by witch-hunting, bigotry, and intolerance in any form or however masked. Seventeen state committees on intellectual freedom were formed and the fight will soon be carried to other parts of the country.

A bill of rights for libraries was drawn up which states that no material presenting the problems of our times should be withdrawn from the public because of controversial or doctrinal disapproval; that libraries should enlist the cooperation of groups in science, education, and publishing to resist the loss of free access to ideas and freedom of expression; that libraries should open their meeting rooms for the discussion of current public questions to all groups regardless of their beliefs and affiliations. As a practical demonstration of censorship for all to behold there was an exhibition of books that were recently attacked and banned in this country. The convention established a four-year program for increased usefulness in the educational pattern of the nation and for better library service to all. Special attention is to be given to information about the use and control of atomic energy, disarmament, democracy, housing, and health.

But there is another and doleful side to this picture of a strong and courageous army of librarians determined to help educate the people and keep them free. They are themselves alarmingly poor. It may take five years of advanced education to produce a good librarian, who then receives from $25 to $50 a week. With few exceptions the cities and towns of the United States are not giving half enough money to support the libraries as they now exist, to say nothing of supporting enlarged facilities and new programs. Consider that some 70,000,000 people do not have access to any library whatever, that among our 6,000 libraries there are many housing random collections of old books and served by untrained women. It is proposed that this number be reduced to 1,200 large, efficiently operated libraries, serving cities, suburban areas, and rural districts.

It is, of course, obvious that libraries should have generous Federal and state aid if they are to be as useful as they must be to tomorrow's children and adults. It is an insult to common sense that half our population are deprived of that common denominator of all free men, communication with other minds, other nations, other civilizations. How else save through continued education can men and women in this increasingly mechanized civilization become civilized, or—if one may use the word—cultured? There are other ways to become knowledgable that the libraries are adopting, for we live at a time when facts and ideas reach us through the air, through words that reach us on phonograph discs, and through our eyes and ears by motion-picture films. Large collections of phonograph records are today loaned out to the public by the libraries. The latest device, now rapidly spreading in the larger city libraries, is education through the 16mm. film; audio-visual education, it is aptly termed. One hundred and thirty librarians came to Atlantic City in advance of the conference to study ways of establishing bridgeheads in this new field of library service, the lending of sound-track films to groups and to individuals. Already more than forty libraries are purchasing and distributing 16mm. films produced by firms whose sole business it is to make movies that never reach a motion-picture theatre. For one of the best methods of acquiring information painlessly is through the factual or documentary motion picture. As Mr. M. C. McDiarmid, the new president of the A.L.A., has said, "We librarians are determined to take the new and old tools for learning out of our institutions and into the homes and meeting halls of the people, including the full scale of informational materials made possible by inventive ingenuity. The documentary film is a medium as peculiar to our age as the parchment scroll was to the Middle Ages. It can be the ally of the librarian and of the printed page in spreading awareness of the issues of our times to great masses of people."

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Subscription Stimulant

SIR: I was just about to let my subscription lapse because I thought the reviews were always too favorable. I have just seen D. Anderson's review of my novel, "Summer on the Water" [*SRL* May 29]. Will you please forward the enclosed check for a year's renewal to the proper office?

DAVID WESTHEIMER.

Houston, Tex.

Behaving Like Animals

SIR: I do not know where Estelle Aubrey Brown obtained her erroneous information [*SRL* June 5], and I hate to disillusion her, but the fact is that dogs *do* practise sexual excesses and perversion. And, if the lady will inquire further, if she is not too disillusioned to do so, she will discover that placid cattle and other animals do likewise.

AUGUST DERLETH.

Sauk City, Wis.

Where Is Truth?

SIR: Joseph A. Brandt [*SRL* June 5] tells us that research and scholarship are not the same, that research is never more than a tool, and that the A-bomb represents its major output.

Apparently in Mr. Brandt's view, writing ability is the highest virtue to which man may aspire. Writers are the brahmin caste of humanity, he would have us believe. He is quite convinced that scholarship does not presuppose writing ability. But, by the same token, writing ability does not presuppose scholarship, nor honesty nor decency nor even sanity.

Perhaps the public prefers what flows from the radio spigot to that from books. At any rate, radio, movies, newspapers, and magazines do screen out crude sexual doings, horrors, and profanity to some extent, while book publishers in their own blurbs and advertisements try to assure the public that they will find sex life adequately described in the plainest of details in their books, with a full quota of excitement and horrors.

Mr. Brandt exclaims that the people "want leadership in truth and certainty." Where are truth and certainty to be found—"in the far-ranging limits of the human spirit where the quality to be sought is not exacting," as Mr. Brandt seems to advocate, or in the humble research laboratories?

E. V. WILCOX.

Washington, D. C.

The Constant Gap

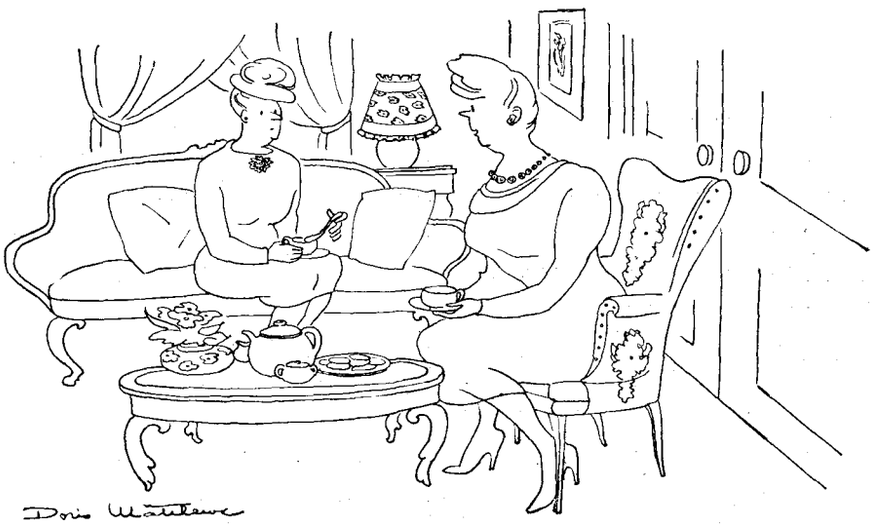
SIR: In reviewing "Ferment in Education" [*SRL* June 5], Henry D. Gideonse states that "the gap between Hutchins's and Conant's views has narrowed with the years." Not so.

"No two educators were ever farther apart," says Professor Oliver Martin. (In "Two Educators: Hutchins and Conant," Human Affairs Pamphlet, No. 29, Apr. 1948, Henry Regnery Co. Oliver Martin received his Ph.D. from Harvard. He is professor of philosophy at Ohio University, Athens, O.) "That James B. Conant, president of Harvard, should elevate moral nihilism and anti-intellectualism into a principle is a tragedy. . . . That few educators speak out against it is alarming. . . . That the head of the University of Chicago, Robert M. Hutchins, should be unequivocal in his condemnation of it is a cause for rejoicing. . . .

"These two men more than any others represent the two sides of the war going on today in higher education. . . . It is a war in which there can be no compromise. . . . And sooner or later the non-academic citizen as well as the innocent faculty member may be forced to take his stand. . . ."

FERD SAKS.

Chicago, Ill.



"Charles is so mad at Russia he won't even eat borsht."

Free for All

SIR:

The *SRL's* reviewers take each new book apart,
Its readers then *their failing notes,* itself an art
Reviewers then their views review, and parry each assault
The editors impartial are, and noone's all at fault.

EMILIE M. KUSSIN.

New York, N. Y.

IRRC SOS

SIR: For fifteen years the International Rescue and Relief Committee has aided democratic anti-Fascists in Europe. Through its efforts such men as Franz Werfel, Hans Habe, Marc Chagall were saved and enabled to carry on the fight and make their great contributions to art.

Today IRRC is still doing that job—of rescuing and providing relief for thousands of proven democrats: impoverished members of the anti-Nazi resistance movement; former concentration camp internees; democratic Spanish Republicans, and the orphaned children of the anti-totalitarian undergrounds.

SRL readers who would like to help such friends of freedom can do so by supporting IRRC and by sending their cast-off clothing, half-worn-out shoes and blankets, *right now,* to the IRRC Warehouse, 130 Orchard Street, New York City 2.

SHERA STRUNSKY,
Executive Secretary.

New York, N. Y.

"Judge" Hull

SIR: In view of Henry F. Pringle's customary accuracy as a biographer, it is surprising to find in his review of "The Memoirs of Cordell Hull" [*SRL* May 22] a glaring error. He writes that Mr. Hull "had been a Federal judge." Mr. Hull was never a Federal judge; he was a Tennessee State judge (circuit judge) for three years. This is why his Tennessee friends call him "Judge" Hull.

WALTER P. ARMSTRONG.

Memphis, Tenn.

Significant Signature

SIR: The man's name fascinates me! Can it be real, or did he just make it up for the occasion,—the estimable writer of that interesting epistle to the *SRL* [May 15].

Those canny connivers,
The League of Survivors,
Ring tocsin to each needy sleeper.
Do all their officials
Have perfect initials
Like General Sec. T(he) G(rim) Reaper?

WIN ECKHARDT.

Clayton, Mo.

Descriptions of Childbirth

SIR: I have a study of the methods used in modern-day childbirth underway, and since my emphasis is on the subjective effect of the new methods on modern women, I am interested in literary descriptions of childbirth.

Can any of your readers refer me to scenes in modern or classical literature describing childbirth either from the point of view of the observer, or even better, from the point of view of the mother concerned?

ROSALIND BACON HALL.

Chapel Rd., Madison, O.

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Seeing Things

"THE SHORN LAMBS"

AMONG the tantalizing "ifs" of literature is what Charles Lamb might have been like as man and writer if, in a fit of madness, his sister Mary had not slain their mother when he was only twenty-one. The "gentle Elia" the world loves was the product of ungentle and terrible events. He was the stepchild of a calamity as bloody as any to be found in the most bloodstained Elizabethan dramas of which Lamb was later to become a champion. To a tragic extent Lamb's life, hence Elia's character, was carved out for him by the case knife which poor, deluded Mary drove straight and deep into their mother's heart.

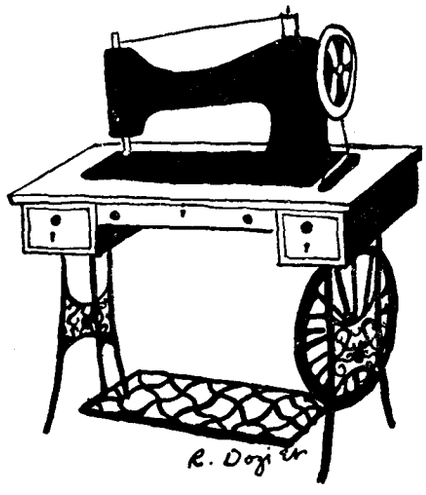
Surely never in the strange annals of authorship has the world gained so much in pleasure or an innocent man lost more in freedom than in the instance of the catastrophe which resulted in Lamb's becoming the most beloved bachelor of letters literature has produced.

When he quit his desk at the East India House on the afternoon of September 22, 1796, and started to walk home through the London he loved, Lamb was not without his worries. His sister Mary, ten years his senior, had already shown symptoms of insanity. Not for the first time, either. As a person who had himself been confined the previous year for six weeks in a madhouse at Hoxton, these symptoms may have had a special meaning for him. In any case, Mary's condition was sufficiently disturbing to have sent Lamb, on his way to work that very morning, in search of a doctor who was not to be found. Aware though he was of the gathering clouds, Lamb could not have been prepared for the violence of the storm which had broken out in the house where he lived with his old father, his invalid mother, his sister, and his Aunt Hetty.

The sight he beheld when he opened the door was of tabloid gruesomeness. Above the bustle of Little Queen Street, he may have heard the cries of his father and the shrieks of Mary and her assistant as he approached his home. If he had not, the landlord's presence was in itself a warning. Certainly his eyes must have disbelieved the nightmare of reality which confronted them. The room, in which the table was laid for dinner, was in a turmoil. Charles's aged aunt was unconscious on the floor, "to all appearance like one dying." His senile father was bleeding from a wound in his forehead. His mother was dead in a chair, stabbed to the heart by Mary who was standing over her with the case knife still in her hand. Lamb arrived only in time to snatch the knife from her grasp.

What had provoked this scene no one knows. Perhaps, as a professional seamstress, Mary had been overworking, and the stress of a dependent household had become too great for her. Perhaps the final straw had been the additional cares which had come her way because of the leg injury recently suffered by her brother John, her elder by a year and a half. Perhaps, as moderns have hinted, an ugly, long-suppressed animosity between her and her mother had at last erupted. In any event, Mary had had an altercation with the young woman who, in her mantua-making, was her helper. Mary had reached for the knives and forks on the table, throwing them at this frightened girl in the hope of driving her from the house. It was one of the forks thus thrown which had struck her father. Her mother might have been spared had she not attempted to intercede in the apprentice's behalf.

"I date from the day of horrors," wrote Lamb to Coleridge soon after the disaster. Although by this he meant merely to place in time events described in his letter, he unwittingly summarized the rest of his adult life. To these sensational occurrences which cost him dearly, we owe, in part at least, the writer we cherish as one of the least sensational of authors. For the next thirty-eight years Lamb lived a gallant and, on the whole, a cheerful prisoner to the happenings of that fatal afternoon. In no sense of the word a tragic hero, he emerged as the hero of a tragedy. We pity him the more because he was without self-pity.



There are people, luckless mortals, who by the injustices of circumstances or because of a certain granite in their characters are doomed to be caryatids for the suffering of others. Charles Lamb was one of these. He could have fallen back on the law and allowed his sister to be committed to a public insane asylum. He could have walked out on Mary. In other words, he could have done what his older brother John did and wanted him to do.

YET even when John washed his hands of the whole problem, Lamb was able to rise, "not without tenderness," to his brother's defense. He knew John to be "little disposed . . . at any time to take care of old age and infirmities." Charles went so far as to persuade himself that John, "with his bad leg, had an exemption from such duties." He was well aware that John would make speeches about the money needed to maintain Mary in a private institution. But Charles and John, though brothers, were made of very different stuff. Young and poor as he was, Charles faced the fact without complaining that "the whole weight of the family" had been thrown upon him. From the outset he was determined, regardless of the sacrifices, that Mary should not go into a public asylum.

Nor did she. Instead, he assumed full responsibility for her. More than that, he devoted his life to her. Because of this utter devotion his own life was altered inescapably. Had it not been for Mary, age would not have fallen so suddenly and engulfingly upon him. Without her, we might be able to imagine Lamb as a young man rather than always picturing him as a smoky and eccentric old fellow, settled in both his habits and his singleness, whose youth had come to an abrupt end with his childhood. Without Mary, Charles's dream children might have been real. The "fair Alice W—n," she of the light yellow hair and the pale blue eyes for whom he claimed to have pined away seven of his "goldenest years," might have been the "passionate . . . love-adventure" he once described her as being instead of a reference, true or fanciful, which biographers have been unable to track down. He might

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not have waited so many years to propose to Fanny Kelly, the actress with the "divine plain face," and Fanny might even have accepted him.

Without his "poor dear dearest" Mary, Charles might have continued longer to try his hand at poetry and not so soon, as he put it (with wonderful inaccuracy, in his case), have "dwindled into prose and criticism." His spirit would have been gayer; his laughs less like sighs. He might not have been so "shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years." The present, not the past, might have been his delight. He would not have been driven, as driven he was by the events of that appalling afternoon, to find happiness by thinking back to happier days. Retrospection would not have become his refuge. The "boy-man" that he felt himself to be would not have clung with such tenacious affection to his own boyhood. The texture, the range, the very tone and temper of his work would have been different.

From the moment of his mother's murder and the time that he stepped forward to become Mary's legal guardian, Lamb knew that he and Mary were "in a manner *marked*." This was bound to be a portion of their fate. There was no hushing their story. It not only pursued them; it ran ahead of them. Sometimes it even forced them to change their lodgings. No shelter could be found from the nudgings, the whisperings, the stares, and the embarrassments it provoked. Charles's determinatiion to care for Mary involved more than living with her. It also meant his living with the knowledge that everyone around them knew her case and their history. If this increased his shyness, it also brought him and Mary closer together. It was only one more of the many bonds, tender and tragic, which united them.

Fortunately, theirs was a relation-

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ship based upon more than the perilous stuffs of gratitude or an embittering sense of obligation. Positive as each of them was as a personality, they were united not only by misfortune but by shared tastes and minds which, in spite of dissimilarities, were complementary. When dedicating a volume of his verse, Charles called Mary his best friend. From the dedication of his life she knew she had no better friend than he. Their devotion to each other was genuine and abiding. It shines through their letters. It is unmistakable in every reference to Mary as Bridget in Charles's essays. They were collaborators in life no less than in literature. No brother and sister in history are more inseparably linked. To Lamb their life as old bachelor and maid was "a sort of double singleness."

The glimpses we have of them together are at once heartwarming and heartbreaking. "You would like to see us," wrote Mary to Sarah Stoddart, "as we often sit, writing on one table (but not on one cushion sitting), like Hermia and Helena in the 'Midsummer Nights' Dream'; or, rather, like an old literary Darby and Joan: I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out he has made something of it."

That is a picture of them at their happiest. It belongs with those other pictures we conjure when we imagine them together. Playing cards. Seeing a play. Going to exhibitions. Reading books, she doting on narratives—any narratives; he delighting in the reflective passages of the older authors. Visiting friends. Enjoying the adventure of one of their short summer journeys. Presiding over one of their delectable "evenings" at home (held first on Wednesdays, later on Thursdays), which Hazlitt immortalized with his "How often did we cut into the haunch of letters, while we discussed the haunch of mutton on the table!" Or discussing, in the financial comfort of their later years, the greater pleasures they had known when, in their youth, they had been forced to skimp, save, and plan in order to make a purchase or crowd their way into the pit.

Against these brighter moments must be set the darker ones. These are black indeed. By common agreement Mary, in her right mind, was one of the most amiable and admirable of women. But Mary was not always in her right mind. She was "perpetually on the brink of madness." If this was Mary's tragedy, it was also Lamb's. Their sunniest days together were never cloudless. The threat under which they lived was fearful and incessant. At all times the Furies stalked them. Small wonder this brother and this sister have been likened to a cockney Orestes and Electra.

Mary's was a recurrent illness. There was no telling when it would return. There was only the certainty that return it would, with ever-increasing frequency, with ever-mounting seriousness. Some hints, such as a sudden moroseness or irritability on Mary's part, preceded its coming. For these dreaded signs Charles watched anxiously. Apparently Mary did, too.

"You would laugh, or you would cry, perhaps both," Mary wrote in another letter to Miss Stoddart, "to see us sit together, looking at each other with long and rueful faces, and saying, 'How do you do?' and 'How do YOU do?' and then we fall a-crying and say we will be better on the morrow. Charles says we are like tooth-ache and his friend gum-boil, which though a kind of ease is an uneasy kind of ease."

Their ease at its best was the epitome of uneasiness. Surely few scenes could be more touching than the one several of their friends had witnessed. It was the common sequel to each reappearance of Mary's symptoms. When these had shown themselves, Charles would get ready to take her to the private asylum at Hoxton. She would gather together a few clothes, replace with a bonnet the mobcap she wore indoors, and prepare for the street. He would lead her, unresisting, to the door. Then they would start out hand-in-hand, two figures as somberly dressed as Quakers, walking the whole way, weeping as they walked, and carrying Mary's strait jacket with them.

Even so Mary, between interruptions, brought Charles a happiness almost as complete as was the unhappiness her madness had brought upon them both. The debt we owe her is at once incalculable and unpayable. If, as readers, we delight in Lamb as he is, we do so because his writing is the product of his life as it was. He never objected to his lot. He faced it squarely, gaily, without whining, and with inexhaustible courage.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 744)

H. JACKSON:
THE READING OF BOOKS

"I was a mighty . . . coarse, unpromising subject when Livy* took charge of me," Mark Twain told W. D. Howells. . . . "She has made a very creditable job of me." The result was that his real genius never reached the full splendour of its early promise.

*His wife.

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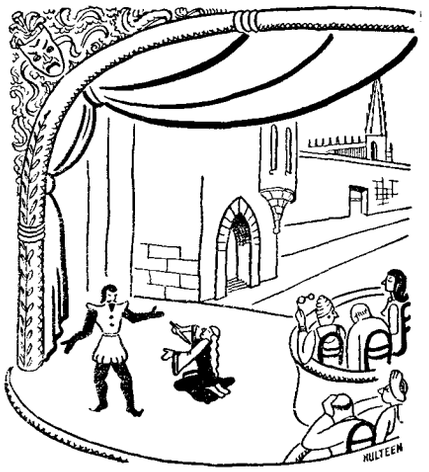

The world that knows him as the "gentle Elia" does Lamb an injustice. Gentle he always was with Mary and in most of his writings. It was, however, his strength which enabled him to be gentle and not any softness which forced him into being so. He hated the phrase "gentle-hearted" when applied to him as much as Sir James Barrie abhorred the word "whimsical." "For God's sake (I never was more serious)," wrote Charles to Coleridge, "don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle-hearted in print, or do it in better verses. . . . The meaning of gentle is equivocal at best, and almost always means poor-spirited."

Certainly Lamb was anything but poor-spirited. He had a resilience unknown to noisier men and a toughness unsuspected by those who have read him sparingly, and then only in his fanciful or sentimental moods. Did he look like a clerk? He did not act like one. He was no timid soul. He was fiercely independent. His father may have been a servant, but in a snobbish age Lamb was subservient to no one. He was at all times ready to stammer out his opinions without fear. Everyone who described him noted the sadness of his brown eyes, the thoughtfulness of his expansive brow, the sweetness of his expression, and the smallness of his body. Lamb knew that physically he was "less than the least of the Apostles." A friend thought he looked so fragile that "a breath would overthrow him." But there was iron in his "immaterial legs." His slight body contradicted the largeness of his spirit.

Although Charles knew great sorrow, he was not discontented. If he could refer to Mary and himself, playfully though correctly, as "shorn Lambs," his belief in the tempering wind was nonetheless strong. Living with sorrow was as much a habit with him as climbing up on his high stool each morning to work as a clerk at the East India House. The prospect of any change so staggered him that he convinced himself he would no more reverse the untoward accidents and events of his life than he would alter the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Such was his love of life that he even loved his own. He meant what he said when he confessed, "I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets." JOHN MASON BROWN.

This is the first of a series of articles on Charles Lamb. In expanded form these will serve as the introduction to "The Viking Portable Library Charles Lamb."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DOVE *Wilson Tucker* (Rinehart: $2.)	Private detective Horne, helping silent-movie actress find modest treasure hoard, encounters murder, blackmail, and much excitement.	Quest of gold-bearing cigar-box on Hollywood Western set packs plenty of action, rowdy fun, and complicated plotting, creditably set down.	Passable
THE CHOCOLATE COBWEB *Charlotte Armstrong* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	Six-year-old poisoning of Calif. painter's wife and pending demise of his son clarified by devoted girl and policeman El Kelly.	"How-dun-it" rather than "whodunit." Identity of slayer never in doubt. High suspense, much emotion, satisfactory if breathless writing, and clinch ending.	Good entertainment
DEVIOUS DESIGN *D. B. Olsen* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murders old and new in Pacific Northwest town engage attention of visiting Prof. A. Pennyfeather.	Considerable action, plenty of "atmosphere," some faithful portraits of rather unappealing people, and roundabout but effective detecting.	Fair

• No Whodunits—
• No Cowboys and Indians—
• No Boy Meets Girl Stuff—

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FARMER TAKES A NEWSPAPER

(*Continued from page 7*)

He is all right, but is still lit up quite good, and his family uses him to read by in the evenings, and is saving the monthly electric light bill. The doctor says he should glow at about 200 watts right up into July, and then will gradually taper off and they can use him for a bug light in the bathroom until about Labor Day.

In the spring, John devotes an editorial to his printer Jess's window box, which is a free enterprise and is Jess's own business, whether it grows popcorn or sunflowers:

> For some reasons we don't understand, the whole world sat back in awe and thought it was remarkable to have a sunflower in a window box. Possibly it is, and perhaps a lot more people would have been interested if they could have seen it. But the cucumbers and scarlet runner beans made such a jungle, people couldn't see the sunflowers too well.
>
> This year Jess thinks he'll try some okra. We don't know what okra is up here, but we get it in canned soups, and we've always wondered does it grow up in the air and have pods, or does it stick down in the ground and grow shoots. Jess aims to find out, and we aim to let him.

Under a heading, "Says She's Never Broken One of 432 Jugs," which concerns Clara Coombs's collection of cream pitchers, we find comforting word for those who hate dish-washing:

> Clara reckons on washing and rearranging her collection twice a year. She can't rightly say how long it takes her because she likes to polish them till they shine, feel the delicate bone china and remember the people who gave them to her or the trips she made acquiring them from antique shops.

Each year a prize is given to the first green pea grown in the section. "All we need is just one, fully developed. We hear some folks planted peas last fall in anticipation of the contest and have a head start." One year the prize was fifty nickels, in case somebody had to go to Lewiston and needed nickels for the parking meters. "For our part, we will point out that our parking space is all free and above board, it being a simple country whim of us unenlightened townsmen that public property belongs to the public."

Weddings and funerals and school and church meetings are covered with sober Maine honesty, and state and national affairs may be handled with no more chattiness than *The New York Times*. But it's the "nor'ester" touch that the "foreign" subscribers like best. When the Maine "nibble-witted legislators were hitting on all sixteen cylinders" trying to decide whether or not they ought to take the word "Vacationland" off the license plates, John's editorial said:

> We feel it is a crying shame for anybody in Maine to get so all-fired commercialized he couldn't think of anything better to call a good old state than Vacationland. Maine might be vacationland to a good many tired city people who had weeks and enough money to buy gasoline, souvenirs, and a shore dinner, but we find it enjoyable to live in these parts the year 'round, and Maine appeals to us mostly when it isn't Vacationland to very many at once.

John likes to write satire, probably has one of the keenest satiric minds since Jonathan Swift. But in more ways than one he had to be careful. Some people you can kid a little; most people you can't kid at all. In print, that is, in the home-town paper. So for the most part John sticks to friendly interpretation of life in the village. But sometimes he just can't restrain himself:

> We are glad Mr. Truman vetoed the tax-cut bill. We should weep to think Congress had deliberately been hard on the building administrators, lime investigators, putty-knife inspectors, and all the other ten or fifteen million leeches and parasites we have been supporting. We don't think of a single thing more important to national and world security right now than to keep our great system intact, and perpetuate the bureaus and administrators.

Now and then even the business ads in the *Enterprise* turn up with the Gould touch. After George LaChance was defeated for a town office, for instance, this ad appeared:

> Thank you all. I am still having three meals a day even if I didn't get elected. Thank you all for supporting me Monday, with a special thanks to my neighbors. Thanks too to those who meant to vote for me but found the polls had closed earlier than usual. I am still in the linoleum business and have expert floor layers and will give everybody the best of breaks.

After the *Enterprise* had been rolling along for a few months, John and Jess found they'd have to have some help. Jess had his hands full with the printing, and with babying along the old press, though once a year or so he found time to bring forth a lallapalousa of an editorial. Miss Selma Ey, the typesetter, had been there right along. Miss Ey is a tiny lady who smells of knitting and an old-fashioned garden, even though she is generally to be found black to the elbows with printer's ink.

They asked Betty Sugg, a neighbor, if she'd come in and take care of some of the subscriptions. The list was up 2,000; bundles had to be made up to go all over the country. Betty had a busy family life at home, but she managed to help out. And at last John got Marjorie Beech from England to take over correspondence and numberless things around the office.

After the 2,000th subscription no more could be entered. That was all Jess could print on the old press. They had trouble finding a new one, and they had more trouble getting it hauled. When Leon Bard finally got it on his truck, all four tires went flat, and Leon got out and looked and said, "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

But with the help of Biff Morgan's manure loader, they ran the new press into the building, and now the partners don't have to worry until subscriptions hit 10,000.

Last fall, John used up one of his two remaining evenings a week and wrote a book about his grandfather's old place, "The House That Jacob Built." That left one evening to spare, which was where the radio program came in. WLAM seemed to feel there was quite a wholesale interest in the kind of items the *Enterprise* printed. So John goes up to Lewiston on Thursday nights and broadcasts about the kind of time the folks have had that week in Lisbon. Like the fellow said to John: "Your items are so local, they're universal."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 263

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 263 will be found in the next issue.

FGP AGNBP KPTHPF NR

BCRP CK FN OP

CXFPHPKFPZ CX NXP FGCXW

DHNRNMXZBQ SXZ CX S

FGNMKSXZ FGCXWK APBB.

GMWG ASBDNBP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 262

Bad weather always looks much worse through a window.

J. KIERAN.

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NEW EDITIONS

IN "Return to Tradition" (Bruce Publishing Co., $8.50) the Reverend Francis B. Thornton has produced a richly interesting, informative, enjoyable, and impressive anthology of the literature of the Catholic Revival. More than nine hundred large pages, clearly printed in double columns, hold prose and poetry selected from the work of the Catholic writers, of the last century, done in England, France, Ireland, and the United States; and a final section, addressed to a more special audience, devoted to revival and reform.

The range of the writers' subjects is wide, the degrees of their excellence various, but merit of one kind or another is in every selection, and, thanks to the great diversity, the reader is constantly surprised and refreshed. From Padriac Colum's simple lyrics to Gerard Manley Hopkins's "The Wreck of the Deutschland"; from Chesterton on detective stories to Maritain on Aquinas, and Christopher Dawson on the significance of the Renaissance; from the first chapter of Evelyn Waugh's "A Handful of Dust" to Etienne Gilson on the medieval conception of history—these few measurements and markers may serve to indicate, though inadequately, the anthology's scope. Arnold Lunn writes with amazing vividness of a day's ski touring in the Alps, Ernest Dowson addresses his celebrated assurances to Cynara, Lingard describes Mary's triumph over the conspiratorial supporters of Lady Jane Gray, Francis Thompson sings gloriously, John La Farge tells the story of Chesterton's conversion, Agnes Repplier discourses on the art of conversation, Belloc describes Thermidor, St. Therese of Lisieux elucidates Christ's teachings, and scores of other poets, essayists, short-story writers, novelists, historians, and philosophers make their contributions to this remarkable volume. The most substantial offerings come from England and France; Ireland is largely represented by its poets; while the United States brings up the rear in all departments. Particularly impressive is the fact that a great majority of the famous authors called upon by Father Thornton are converts. Their numbers bear eloquent witness to the attractive power of the Catholic Revival, to the growing strength of the Church in which so many fine minds have recently found refuge from the disintegration of human values and of all human hopes.

Designed chiefly for those of Catholic faith or tendencies, this book can be highly recommended to all intelligent readers. My own experience was that I picked it up with only moderate interest, but did not put it down until I had read most of its 900 pages.

St. Thomas Aquinas is, of course, one of the powers and sources of the Catholic Revival. He is, according to Maritain, the guide who can lead us through the jungle of modern metaphysics, "the great renovator of the West"; the Christian thinker whose prime work, as Christopher Dawson notes, was his synthesis of the complementary functions of reason and faith. Three years ago, Random House published "The Basic Writings of St. Thomas Aquinas," in two large volumes; and now the Modern Library gives us "Introduction to St. Thomas Aquinas" ($1.25), drawn from the earlier work and, like it, edited by Anton C. Pegis (president, Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies, Toronto), with an introductory essay which is a lesson in orientation. St. Thomas is not easy reading; but his rewards for those who can read him with faith are obvious, while, for those who cannot, he affords strenuous and precise intellectual exercise.

Turning from thirteenth-century scholasticism to fourteenth-century devotionalism, let me remark and praise, to those interested in such things, the new arrangement and interpretation of "The Cloud of Unknowing," prepared by an anonymous Quaker student, and published in a charming pocket-size volume by Harper ($1). This famous book of contemplation is alive in every line with the love that inspired it—the "love of God for Himself above all creatures, and of men for God's sake."

Again turning, this time from specifically religious literature to literature which religion has inspired, I can also recommend two fine editions of two masterpieces: "Pilgrim's Progress," dramatically illustrated by Clarke Hutton (Macmillan, $3.75), and "Paradise Lost" (Heritage Press, $5), with Blake's marvelous illustrations in full color. The type-page of the first is attractive and readable; that of the second, noble. . . . Nostalgic and Escape Literature Department: "Parnassus on Wheels and The Haunted Bookshop," by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, $3). BEN RAY REDMAN.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

PROGRESS SINCE THE PILGRIMS

IN case you got the idea that most of the state of Maine got singed in the big Bar Harbor fire last fall, chances are your favorite pine bed is still intact. The $30,000,000 blaze leveled seventy summer homes and took with it the Belmont, the Malvern, and the De Gregoire, the town's three largest hotels. Actually, only about one-sixth of the permanent homes were destroyed. One golf course was ruined, but there are two others which are ready. The Potter Palmers of Chicago and the De Witt Clinton Pooles of Princeton lost their estates, but the Igleharts, Sumner Welles, and the Atwater Kents all were spared. Northeast Harbor, Seal Harbor, Southwest Harbor, Tremont—neighbors of Bar Harbor on Mt. Desert Island—are still quaking but unharmed.

Eleswhere in Maine there seems no reason why this shouldn't be a sellout season despite the fact that the rates are up from $3 to $5 a week. You can have a room at the Chapman House or the Ocean View House in Ogunquit for $50 a week, American plan. The Riverside Hotel at Perkins Cove near the art colony is a little more. There is, of course, the Ogunquit Playhouse by night, but most any time you can while away the summer browsing in Peggy Ives's handweaving shop, shopping for souvenirs in the Whistle and Oyster, and sipping ice tea in the garden of the Dan-sing Fan, a displaced pagoda sitting on the New England shore.

At Boothbay Harbor, fifty miles up the line from Portland, there are boat trips out to the artists' haven at Monhegan Island, ten miles in the sea, and down the filigree coast all the way to Bath. A local wing-ding known as the Maine State Fishermen's Fair will be held in East Boothbay for the second time this year. The dates are August 5, 6, and 7. There will be lobster, sardine, and tuna boat races, pothead and lobster trap hauling contests, but about all anybody needs to enjoy the fair is an appetite. Lobsters, clams, and corn are packed in seaweed, steamed in huge open-air ovens, and served on tables set up the length of Boothbay's streets. If you don't make the fair you'll find lobster pounds on most of the rocks and ribs of New England. At a pound you can choose your lobster out of a pool, watch the chef wrap it in a snood and boil it in a cauldron. It's served outdoors at rough hewn tables with melted butter and hot biscuits.

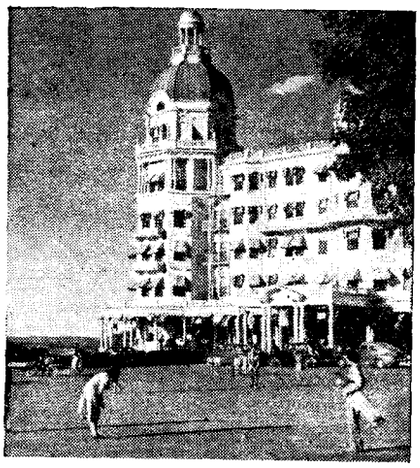
—*State of New Hampshire.*

On the rocks and ribs, lobsters in a snood . . .

You can actually get out into the sea if you're so inclined, via the schooner cruises that leave from Boothbay, Rockland, and Camden. The accommodations are simple, you make up your own berth, and you can either learn how to sail or loll away the week on deck. The schooners stop every night for beach picnics and square dances in the village, they take about twenty passengers, and the rates run from $65 to $75 a week.

New Hampshire this year is talking about Yankee value for Yankee dollar, which seems to be a partisan way of saying they are going to try to keep the prices down. You can get by at the Carr House in Wolfeboro for as low as eight Yankee dollars a day, American plan, which seems to me to be something of a Yankee bargain. Wolfeboro, which is 335 miles from New York and 110 from Boston, would have you know that it was the first summer resort in America. Sir John Wenthworth, a Colonial governor, built a summer mansion on the shore of the lake as early as 1768. His name was also tacked on the huge rambling Wenthworth-by-the-Sea, which is now run by James Smith, one of Cornell's omniscient hotel alumni. It sits quite a ways above Cayuga's waters on a bluff overlooking the sea, and gets $14-up a day, American plan, per person.

There are, to be sure, plenty of New Hampshire sights like the Flume, Old Man of the Mountain, and Lost River, being altogether no less original than Niagara Falls. You can



—*State of Maine.*

Along the shore, a displaced pagoda . . .

climb the 4,700 feet to the top of Mount Washington in your own car, but it will cost you $5 for the car and the driver, and an extra dollar for each passenger, which seems like an inordinate amount of Yankee dollars to me. It's $3 per person if you take the public bus.

Life is a good deal less enervating on the water, and there are some pleasant steamer trips all around Lake Winnipesaukee, the biggest in New England. The Bald Peak Colony Club, on the lake, was once a private club, now offers rooms in the clubhouse and private cottages at anywhere from $60 to $80 a week. At the Russ Pond Cottages you eat in the main house, but waiters serve a late breakfast in bed, a frippery that has attracted a number of honeymooners.

Down on Cape Cod new cottages, many with compact housekeeping units, are springing up as uncontrollably as beach grass around the sand dunes. At Dennis, the Cape Playhouse, which seems to be the most solidly established of the summer theatres, if for no other reason than it has the softest seats, has opened the season with Kay Francis tolling "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." You can get most any kind of room on the Cape, depending upon your pocket and your ancestors. The Oyster Harbors Hotel, at Osterville, par example, charges $40 a day but you have to apply for a membership in the Oyster Harbors Club before you can apply for a room. In Provincetown, on the other hand, if you can fight your way through the maze of easels a fellow could stay most of the season on that kind of money. As a matter of fact, a chamber of commerce man recently explained, they get an awful lot of people up here who come up with a five dollar bill and a clean sheet, and don't change either all summer.

HORACE SUTTON.

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Handsome, Polite and Just High Enough

THE BERKSHIRES: The Purple Hills. Edited by Roderick Peattie. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1948. 398 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THE Berkshires are well-bred, well-mannered hills. It is true that on a summer night in 1937 they annoyed Dr. Serge Koussevitzky by whipping up such a thunderstorm that the people in the front row at the first Berkshire Festival couldn't hear a note of "The Ride of the Valkyrie"; but even that turned out all right, for it proved Dr. Koussevitzky's contention that a shed, not a tent, was needed for the concerts, and a shed was built. The hills even please women. They are, says Margaret Cresson, daughter of the sculptor Daniel French, "just high *enough*—not so massive and majestic and forbidding that they demand attention to the exclusion of all else, and not just rolling and undulating in an irresolute and passive tameness, devoid of inspiration—they are handsome hills, heavily wooded, running in chains with deep valleys between, fertile and green and lush."

This description, which resembles the definition of an ideal husband, accurately fits the pleasant, artistic geology occupying a thousand square miles at the western edge of Massachusetts, between Vermont and Connecticut, and leaning against New York. The Berkshires have been populated, in succession, by Indians, farmers, tanners and sawmill owners, iron miners, industrial workers, summer visitors, and such individuals as William Cullen Bryant, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Walter Prichard Eaton. In its towns and villages and cities it is a microcosm of New England; in its fields and hills and rivers it is whatever the visitor desires—an ideal world for the hiker, a paradise (somewhat minor) for the trout fisherman, a laboratory for the naturalist, a stadium for the ski enthusiast. Some people just live in the Berkshires; some go there in the summer because others go there in the summer. Artists and musicians are edging in; old-time Yankees are dying out. There are still enough birds, insects, flora, and fish to preserve a cosmetic balance of nature. One local product, personal opinion, has always thrived. When one fellow said to another, "Why, I'd ruther be the meanest man in Barrington than the best man in Bolivia," the other fellow said, "Well, you've got your 'druther.' "

Roderick Peattie has gathered essays and anecdotes from an articulate set of experts for this excellent addition to Vanguard's American Mountain Series. Walter Prichard Eaton contributes two chapters, as do Bartlett Hendricks, Margaret Cresson, and A. Kenneth Simpson. Other single chapters, by George J. Wallace, Theodore Giddings, and William S. Annin, cover Berkshire history, geography, flora and fauna, roads, Indian legends, people, waterways, landscape, sports and gardens. It all does tolerably by the spot, which isn't to be fussed by another book about it. You can still get a "dropped egg" at any house in the hills, and if a fellow says, "May I take your girl?" it just means that he wants to borrow her. If you like that sort of people, and if you have a taste in nature for the handsome and the polite, get on up to the Berkshires.

Thomas Sugrue writes of his New England boyhood in his recently published autobiography "A Stranger in the Earth."

Yankee Ideal

SIX NEW ENGLAND VILLAGES. By Samuel Chamberlain. New York: Hastings House. 1948. 104 *pp.* $3.50.

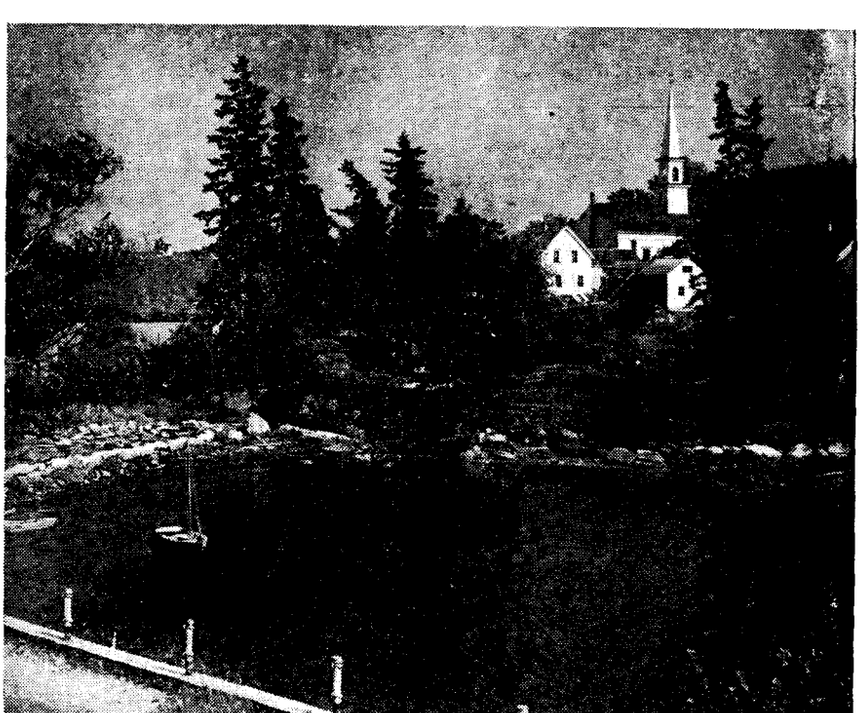
Reviewed by MARY ELLEN CHASE

A DISTINGUISHED photographer of the New England countryside and seacoast, of its old houses and churches, Samuel Chamberlain has added new honor to his art by the beautiful, indeed perfect, plates of his "Six New England Villages." The six chosen for this most recent triumph of his camera are Hancock, N. H., Litchfield, Conn., Little Compton, R. I., Old Bennington, Vt., Old Deerfield, Mass., and Wiscasset, Me.; and the space allotted to each is equal in its number of pages. His choice of these six above all others is based, he says, on his own particular favorites and on his ideal of what a New England village should be; and few familiar with such villages will quarrel with his choice. Perhaps, however, they are "perfect" rather than "typical" examples, since in nearly every case they owe their perfection to outside affluence, which has restored their old houses and churches, given to them a prosperity otherwise impossible, and often filled their homes with New Yorkers or, in New England parlance, with "other folks from away" rather than with the descendants of their original owners.

Mr. Chamberlain has accompanied his photographs with a brief sketch of each village in terms of its history and with descriptive captions under each picture. For the most part, his informational material is well chosen and adequately expressed, although he is more eminent as a photographer than as a writer.

The book is beautifully made—distinctive, and valuable Americana.

Mary Ellen Chase was born in Blue Hill, Me., is author among other works of "Windswept," "A Goodly Fellowship," and "Dawn in Lyonesse."



—*State of Maine.*

"Your favorite pine bed is still intact."

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The Film Forum

The Atomic Age

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films dealing with Contemporary Issues.

Part I: Scientific Background

ATOMIC ENERGY
Encyclopedia Britannica Films
(11 minutes. Sound.)

An animated film designed solely as an introduction to the principles involved in making atomic energy possible. The distinction between atomic and chemical energy is explained; and a succinct description is given on how nuclear synthesis is accomplished, on how radiant energy is released, and on how nuclear fission and chain action are effected.

ATOMIC PHYSICS
A G-B Instructional Ltd. Production
The J. Arthur Rank Organization, Ltd.
Distributed by United World Films Inc.

The definitive film on the history and development of atomic energy. This authoritative masterwork is in ten reels (ninety minutes) and is divided into five parts. Part I—The Atomic Theory. Starts with the theory as proposed by John Dalton in 1808 and outlines the progress of the nineteenth century, bringing in Faraday's early experiments in electrolysis, Mendeleeff's Periodic Table, and concludes with ideas on the size of molecules and atoms then prevalent. Part II—Rays from Atoms. Demonstrates how Cathode Rays were investigated and the electron discovered; how positive rays were found and their nature established; how X-rays were found and quickly put to use. The great work of Sir Joseph Thomson is emphasized. Part III—The Nuclear Structure of the Atom. Reconstructs the early work of Becquerel and the Curies on radioactivity and shows how Lord Rutherford's work in this field led to his theory of the nuclear structure of the atom. H. G. Moseley's brilliant work in support of this theory is graphically demonstrated by animated diagrams. Part IV—Atom Smashing: The Discovery of the Neutron. The research tools of nuclear physics are described and shots of the extraordinary machines now used to bombard atoms are shown. The work of Joliot-Curie and Sir James Chadwick in the discovery of the neutron is explained and its importance emphasized. The splitting of the lithium atom by Cockroft and Walton in 1932 is discussed and a speech by Professor Einstein explains how their work strikingly illustrated his theory of the equivalence of mass and energy. Part V—Uranium Fission: Atomic Energy. The events of recent times leading up to the discovery of uranium fission are explained in detail. As the film moves toward its climax it is shown why it was possible to make an atomic bomb. There are shots of the plants in America where this work was done and the ruins of Hiroshima. Some idea of the present-day research into peaceful uses of atomic energy is given, and the film ends with a valuable recapitulation of what has been done, together with a word about the future which promises so much if peace remains unbroken.

This film was produced in Britain mainly for college use, but it should prove of interest to all science- and technically-minded adults and high-school students.

Supplementary Films in This Category

BOUNCING MOLECULES (20 min. Sd. Colonial Beacon Oil Co.) An animated film which clarifies the molecular theory of matter. Seemingly unrelated things like sugar, rubber, starch, coal, and petroleum are made possible by varying the combination of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen atoms.

MOLECULAR THEORY OF MATTER (University of Chicago; EBF Films) Evidences of molecular activity in gases, liquids, and solids.

ELECTRONS (University of Chicago; EBF Films) Electricity is made up of unit elementary charges—the electron.

Part II: Atomic Destruction

AAF SPECIAL DELIVERY
Produced by the AAF, PRO Div.
Pictures Branch, Pentagon Bldg.
(14 minutes. Sound.)

This film is part of the public relations program of the Army Air Forces. It is a review of its wartime accomplishments and peacetime applications. It includes the official reconnaissance shots of the first bombings of Japan and the Bikini tests which have been edited for the general public. (See also AAF COMES OF AGE, 50 min. Sd. Both these films available from Castle Films, Inc.)

TALE OF TWO CITIES
Produced by the U. S. War Dept.
Distributed by Castle Films, Inc.
(20 minutes. Sound.)

The shocking record of what took place at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Pictorial evidence of the dangers such a weapon holds for mankind. Not a pleasant picture, but a most important one.

Part III: Our Moral Responsibility

ATOMIC POWER
March of Time
(18 minutes. Sound.)

The men who engendered the revolutionary weapon which created a new age are today conducting a vigorous campaign to impress upon the U. S. public its full meaning. The dramatic story of the development of the bomb is faithfully re-enacted by the participants recreating the secret roles they played during the war.

ONE WORLD OR NONE
Produced for the National Committee on Atomic Information.
(9 minutes. Sound.)

With unusual animated drawings, artfully blended with live action scenes, this summarizes the atomic situation: life or death. The atom bomb resulted from international research and there is little that is secret about atomic energy. Produced with the technical assistance of the Federation of Atomic Scientists, this is a call for world control of this and other weapons of mass destruction. Narration by Raymond Swing.

A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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The New Recordings

COME AGAIN — THE *THREE-QUARTER-HOUR* RECORD!

(NOTE: *Comparative tests of the Columbia long-playing record were not possible by press time. This column will report findings in detail as soon as playing equipment is available.*)

IT is easy to do a Columbus-and-the-egg and point to the inevitability of the Long Playing Microgroove record. The evidence has been everywhere, and even, unwittingly I admit, in many an issue of this column. Such factors, variously discussed here, as the postwar trend towards extraordinarily small and light-weight equipment, miniature tubes, microscopic pickup elements, tiny permanent playing points; the increasing acceptance of wider range reproduction, of the plastic record; the extensive use of newly accurate "dubbing" or copying techniques in record making —are all vital elements which combine logically to make Microgroove recording a practical matter.

Yet so great is the normal pressure of vested interest in a large industry that in writing June 12 of the inevitability of some form of long playing record it simply did not occur to me that the rumored records to come could be other than standard-groove, and playable on existing equipment. The present groove, remember, has been with us for a good half century, since the very beginning, with only minor changes. (A 1901 record still plays on today's equipment.) But, as I then observed, the pressure for some change has become terrific. In a paragraph unfortunately omitted for lack of space I cited as a major factor the glamorous possibility of "hours" of uninterrupted home music via wire or tape records (not to my knowledge very likely) which, true or false, has so excited public curiosity that the four-minute record and the record changer are fast losing their magic. Something had to happen and it has.

The new Columbia record, in the twelve-inch size, plays a maximum of *very nearly twenty-five minutes* on a single side, whereas the standard-groove sixteen-inch long playing record seldom reaches beyond fifteen minutes. Other things being equal, there is no doubt that this puts the sixteen-incher, including, alas, Alco's brave offerings, quite out of the running! And other things may well be equal. As of June 17, with one advance demonstration, I am enthusiastic about the Microgroove's possibilities. Quality (pending direct comparison) is, I would judge, equal to that of the corresponding standard versions, including tonal and dynamic range; it may prove to be even better in some respects, and is so claimed. Quality surpasses all but the most expensive tape and wire, yet the cost of the new record, on vinylite, runs, time for time, something like half the standard shellac record; time for time, it occupies one-eighth the shelf space.

Granted, there are technical aspects which have already put some engineers in the skeptics' corner in advance. Will the enormous needle-point pressure, for example, wear out either point or record in too short order? Factual answers will come after trial, though Columbia is of course optimistic. So am I. For I doubt that in three years' research Dr. Peter Goldmark, developer of the new system, could have overlooked such vital matters to the point of putting his company in an embarassing hole. On the basis of collateral evidence—the whole trend in sound reproduction toward smaller, precision components —it seems to me likely that the new system's bugs will be relatively minor and no more insuperable than those still infesting standard recording.

Of further interest is the effect on the industry. To survive, the new Microgroove must become standard throughout the field—records and players. The possibility of a chaos of mutually exclusive rival systems is a horrid idea for us consumers and a suicidal one for the industry itself, which is based on complete interchangeability. Yet at the moment, in contrast to hundreds of types and brands of standard-groove players, dozens of competing companies, there is available one single Microgroove player, exclusive with Philco. There is one exclusive brand of records. That can't last. Whatever rights Philco and Columbia may have will be made available. Yet without a doubt some of the formidable competition will elect, vulturelike, to sit this one out, hoping for an early death. (It happened to Victor, years ago.) And so if Philco and Columbia should be unwise enough to overexploit their initially exclusive position, the opposition might indeed choke them to a dead stop. And so I say, the sooner the whole industry can be *persuaded* by Philco and Columbia to take over the Microgroove principle—even for free if necessary—the better it will be for all concerned. Watch and see what happens.

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the Phoenix Nest

BALLADE OF FONTAINEBLEAU

FLOWERBEDS, fountains, and grand canal
Loved of the Sun King and Henriette
When their gondola glided the carnival,
Blue evening breathing of Nicolette.
And harken, the forest echoes yet
The hunting horns that it used to know
When his merry ladies with Francis met!
Yet the leaves are falling at Fontainebleau.

Here at a fête in the Salle de Bal
The Dauphin soothed Diane's pouting pet
While De Bassompierre the Maréchal
In cloth of gold watched their quaint duet;
And above, on a time, Marie-Antoinette
Played for high stakes till the lights were low,
While sleepless her women must fume and fret.
But the leaves are falling at Fontainebleau.

Semer de fleurs, though *fleurs du mal,*
'Tis the way of courts! Can a court forget
Such occasion as fluttered the Salle Ovale,
Henry's joy of his heir—or the mignonette
Fragrance such lovely names beget
As Eugénie, Blanche, and Isabeau:
Queens of the Valois? Vain regret—
The leaves are falling at Fontainebleau!

La Trace, *piqueur,* bugles "a cheval!"
But Josephine's haunted eyes are wet.
What whispers Fouché? ('Tis a *tasse de galle!*)
"Le bruit court que . . . !" Now her proud aigrette
Quivers. She sobs. But Napoleon's debt
To Venice for Campo Formio
Shall be paid in an Empire overset.
The leaves are falling at Fontainebleau!

The little grey redingote leaves the *salle.*
"Adieu, mes enfants!" The Old Guard let
Tears fall unheeded. But Elba shall
Not prison their lion; no parapet
Wave-washed can hold him; he cometh yet
Till Blücher blench at the fearless foe,
Till the Duke, from Iberia, spreads his net,
For the leaves are falling at Fontainebleau.

L'envoi

And here—alas!—Little Corporal,
Your nephew, brooding on Mexico,
Met Bismarck one autumn, last of all,
When the leaves were falling at Fontainebleau!

* * *

The French forms are fun to try sometimes. The above is, of course, inexact, as the true ballade has only three verses and a half. Who will write me a good *chant-royal?* H. C. Bunner once did one about a landlady! But who remembers Bunner's "Short Sixes" today? Who even remembers what "short sixes" were? Bunner's were stories. He was a good story teller as well as rhymester. I might say that no one could hold a candle to—No, I won't!

Here I am up at Angling Point again, and this blue and gold morning I have seen two anglers. They remind me, somehow, of F. C. Burnand's "Happy Thoughts"—"dibbling" for chub, and "sniggling" for eels, and, "Caught anything? Nothing." Another nice book nobody recalls.

Those writers were neither "important" nor "significant," and how restful they are!

This afternoon I am going to the local baseball game. Recently in either the *Tribune* or the *Times,* on the front page, there was an amusing piece on a tirade launched in Soviet Russia against the behavior of certain elements at public sport. These elements were, it seems, "non-objective,"

and hooted the umpire, or something. Apparently over there you are not allowed to take exception to an umpire's decision. Probably you are marched right straight to the station-house. Holy smoke, they ought to listen to an American baseball game!

Still, our local umpire is, usually, the chief of police. The visiting team always makes a lot of capital out of that, pretending he is going to arrest them if they complain. And how bitterly they do complain! And how we, in our turn, complain! And everybody has a grand time.

No, American baseball is decidedly *not* "objective." It is passionately partisan. It has developed umpires that must be made of iron. But the worst they do is to fine a player or send him to "the showers." *Pravda* may think that *that* is a kind of water torture imposed on recalcitrant American athletes. I am sure it will say so if it occurs to it.

I never have known an election year when I had more apathy toward all the candidates. I respect Eisenhower for not running—he would be my choice—and unless they can make Douglas run, the Democrats haven't a prayer. One of the Repubs will get in, I am convinced, and sometimes I can't think whom I like best, or least worst. The issue of Communism has been pumped so full of hot air that it has really ceased to impress anybody except the hot-air merchants. The Communists are solid for the Wallace crusade, and he has got them all with him whether he wants them or not. He may poll a larger vote than anybody suspects. I can't help wondering whether he actually believes all he is saying. I know he is a sincere man; he is religious and undoubtedly he has a good heart and a lot of compassion; but wisdom is something else; and somehow as I get older and older I set more store by wisdom. Maybe, at that, I'll vote for Norman Thomas. I do not like the large corporations, because I fear their power. I know they give us wonderful things, like the Kelvinator I have just bought for the house up here. But still—! Anyway, I admire Norman. No man has ever run for President so long or so consistently that I can remember—even Bryan!

* * *

W. H. A.'S COMMENT ON ONE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEMS OF TRANSPORTATION

Oh, how I hate the Pennsylvania Railway;
They are full of *hubris*—they have no *agapé.*

HOWARD GRIFFIN.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

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PENNSYLVANIA GENEALOGY carefully searched. Send $1 for list of families now in our files. Linfield, Pennsylvania, P. O. Box 97.

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APARTMENT. Madison Ave.—Mid-50's, N.Y.C. July 15-Sept. 15. Tastefully furnished; piano. To responsible party only. Not cheap—but not extravagant. Box 767-A.

GOOD SPORTS ONLY! Wanted share work/expense weekend schooner cruises. Private boat, small group. Inexpensive. N.Y.C. Box 768-A.

TENOR TEACHER (male) isolated, interested in music, literature. Are you? Box 769-A.

EXPERT SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER. Diversified experience, pleasing personality, wishes position with author or in literary field. N.Y.C. preferred, but not essential. Salary open. Box 770-A.

ANGEL OF MERCY with sense of humor and diversified interests invites correspondence. Box 772-A.

EXPERIENCED UNIVERSITY ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR, M.A., desires position September. References. Box 773-A.

REFINED MAN will correspond with serious-minded refined girl. Box 774-A.

NEW HOPE, Pa.—Crude cabin available for pleasant, artistic, or musically appreciative people. Box 775-A.

EASI-MARK—Crystal-clear plastic bookmark holds your slippery magazine or book open, too! Gold kid tab finds place quickly. Superb gift! Any two initials gold embossed. Order three, boxed for only $1.50 postpaid. Vane Co., Bergenfield, N. J. Box 98.

MATURE GIRL of Oriental origin or exotic background write man of mature age who is interested in foreign culture. Box 776-A.

WANTED: three other ex-service gals interested co-operative European study next Fall. Need: adjustability, sense of humor. Box 777-A.

REGISTERED NURSE, 25, refined, wishes round-trip to Europe acting as companion or escorting children. Box 778-A.

NEED EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE? Instructor, M.A., with wife, B.A., studying in Europe next 2 years. Fluent French, Norwegian. Box 779-A.

LOST AMONG MILLIONS, foreigner welcomes encouraging letters from understanding women. Box 787-A.

BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS. Boys, girls. Riding, rifle, swimming, bird study, collecting, 150-power telescope, etc. 1415 29 St., Washington, D. C.

AVAILABLE, September 1, librarian, professional, male, mature, college, public or other. Box 782-A.

DOCTOR IN ACTIVE DISTRESS! Badly needs 1½ furnished apartment. Could you offer relief, please? N.Y.C. Box 786-A.

MIDDLE AGED BUSINESS MAN, WIFE seek two weeks on Jersey Shore after July 4. Highest class private home, small hotel which can provide saltless diet, quiet surroundings, accessibility to beach. Limit 75 miles N.Y.C. Box 788-A.

DOG LOVERS should have special issues of National Geographic with magnificent color plates at $2.50 each. Send for free list. Box 390-Y.

STUMPED FOR YOUR VACATION? VACATIONER'S GUIDE carefully classifies and describes 300 resorts and cottages by rates, location and accommodation. New England, Pa., N. Y., N. J., also descriptive articles. 32 pages. Illustrated. Send 25c to Vacationer's Guide, 509-C, 5th Ave., N.Y.C. 17.

FAIRY TALES DO COME TRUE at Sedgefield Inn, Greensboro, N. C., where lucky mortals will find tranquility, miraculous food and other distinguished guests. Golf, tennis, riding. Ideal spot for creative work. College libraries nearby. Come for a short or long visit. If you'd like to make an extended stay and really get that book started this summer we can offer you up to 40% reduction in rates. Write for descriptive folder S.

YOU CAN RE-LIVE THE WAR between the States in the pages of "Photographic History of the Civil War" by Brady and Miller, 10 huge volumes of actual photographs and text, $59.85; also Harper's Weekly, civil war period, 1861-1865, bound, 250 weekly issues, thousands of illustrations and pages; $87.50; also New York Tribune, 20 immense large folio volumes, civil war period, 1861-65, over 2000 daily issues, $785; odd volumes of Brady history, as above, $7.50 each; odd volumes of Harper's Weekly, as above, $19.50; single issues, $1.50 odd volumes, N. Y. Daily Tribune, as above, $39; single issues $2.50. Send for free list of Civil War books, Confederate and Union. Box 774-Y.

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JOB FLOUNDERING? Consult Helen Trimpe—Counselor, 342 Madison Ave., (44) N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 2-0253.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 745

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

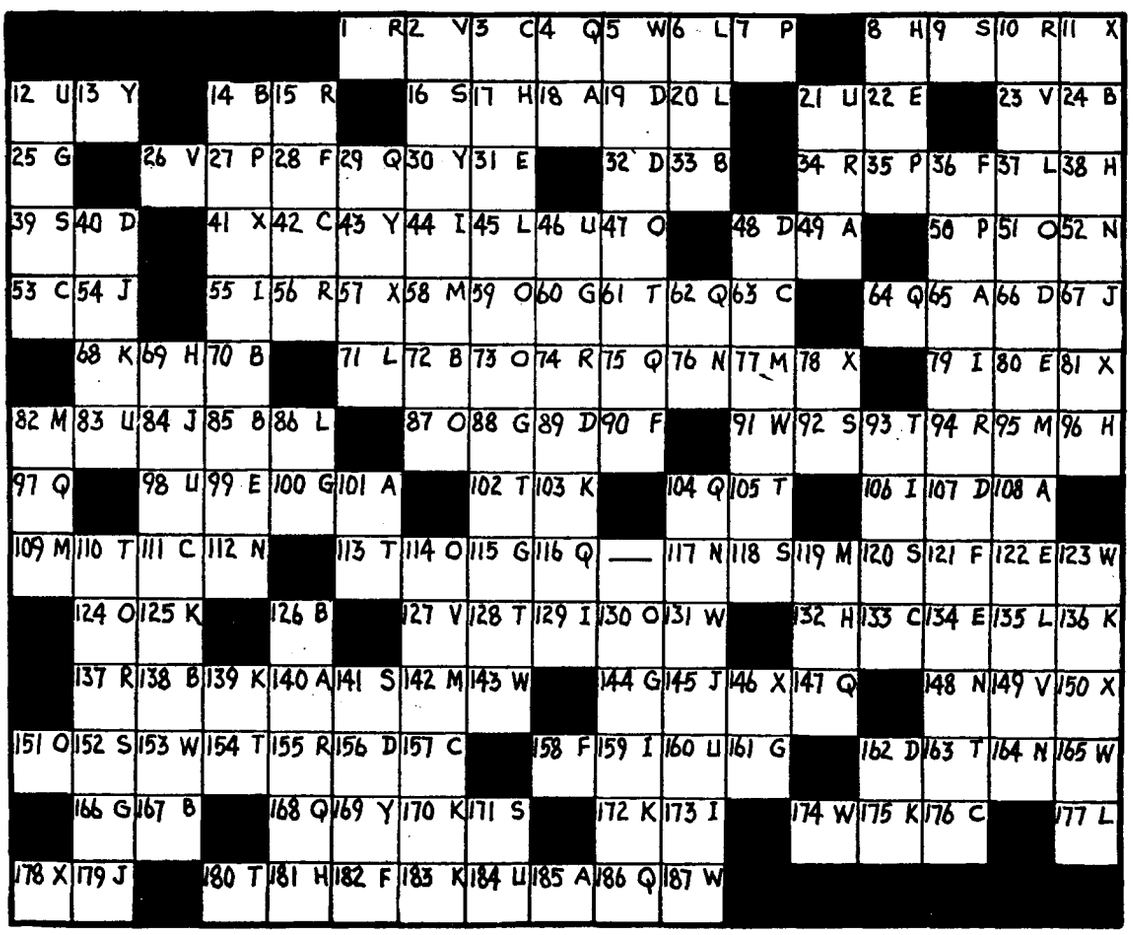
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. French Jesuit theologian, co-founder of the Society of Jesus (1506-46).	101 108 49 140 18 65 185
B. Birds one year old, or those that have once molted (zoöl.).	126 33 24 85 167 14 72 138 70
C. A kind of onyx.	176 42 3 63 133 53 157 111
D. One of the eight main islands constituting Hawaii.	40 89 107 48 66 156 32 162 19
E. Deep-seated.	99 31 134 80 122 22
F. Interjection expressing mild reproof or objection (comp.).	182 121 28 90 158 36
G. Asiatic bird allied to the starling, often tamed and taught words (2 wds.).	88 166 100 115 144 25 161 60
H. Mystic.	17 132 38 8 69 181 96
I. Brings with one to the material world (spiritualism).	44 79 159 173 129 106 55
J. Term of reproach applied to Iroquois by neighboring Indians. (18th century).	67 84 179 54 145
K. Feet of three long and one short syllables (class pros.).	103 139 68 175 136 183 172 170 125
L. Name of civil engineers, father and son, associated with building Brooklyn Bridge.	20 177 135 45 37 71 86 6
M. State of the United States admitted Dec. 11, 1816.	82 109 142 95 58 119 77
N. A well-known, strong-scented herb (*Nepeta cataria*).	117 164 112 76 52 148
O. The body or pad of a collar, which rests on the horse's shoulders (saddlery).	124 151 73 47 59 87 114 130 51
P. Name of mountains in (former) Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.	7 35 50 27
Q. A cadence; a trope (medieval music).	168 104 64 116 4 75 62 186 147 29 97
R. Range of mountains in Antarctica named for an American industrialist (full name).	56 155 15 74 10 1 34 94 137
S. Mystery novel by Wilkie Collins (with "The"; 1868).	92 9 152 16 171 120 39 141 118
T. Awaiting a turn or opportunity to play (3 wds.).	128 154 61 113 93 102 110 105 180 163
U. An Indian of a Salishan tribe of Washington, now merged with the Chehalis.	12 160 98 46 21 83 184
V. In America, the mountain ash tree.	149 2 127 23 26
W. Constant application to the business or enterprise on hand.	91 143 187 5 131 153 174 165 123
X. In the U. S., marshmarigolds; in Gr. Br., common primroses.	41 150 178 81 78 11 57 146
Y. A sobbing sound.	13 30 169 43

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 24 of this issue.

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